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MARCH

No. 77

10c

# CRACK

# WESTERN

**An ARIZONA RAINES THRILLER-  
COMANCHE TERROR!**

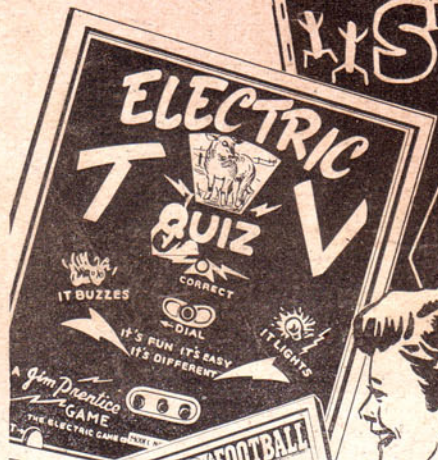




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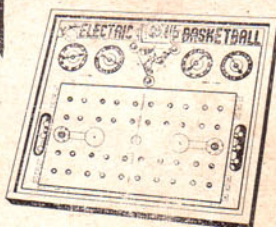
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# Arizona RAINES

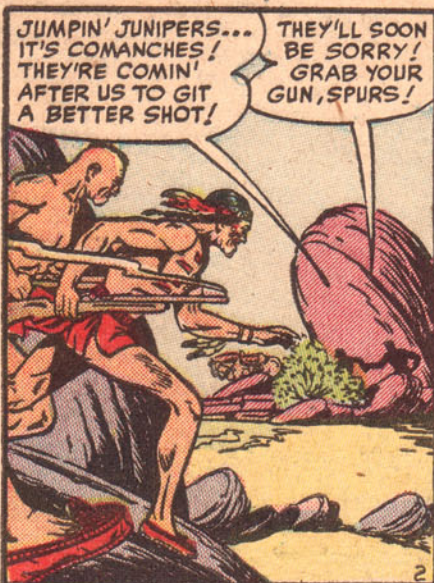
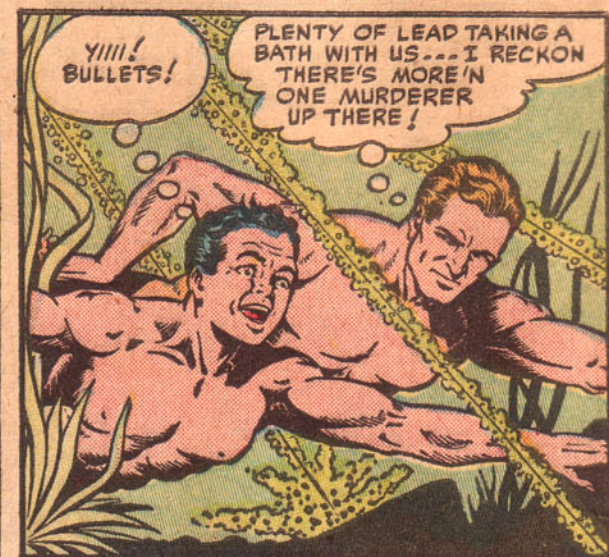
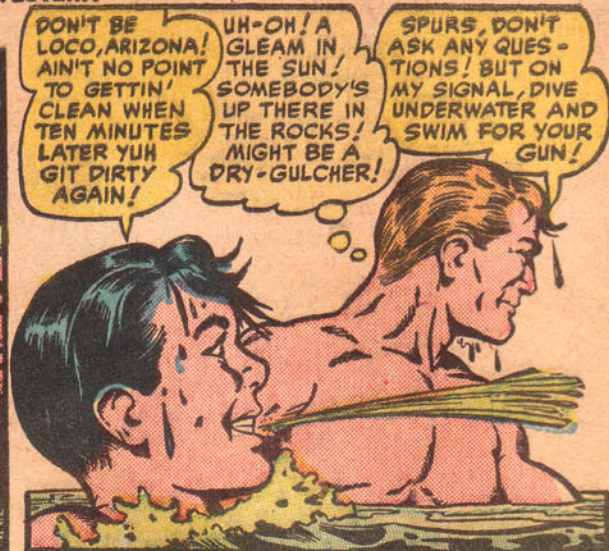
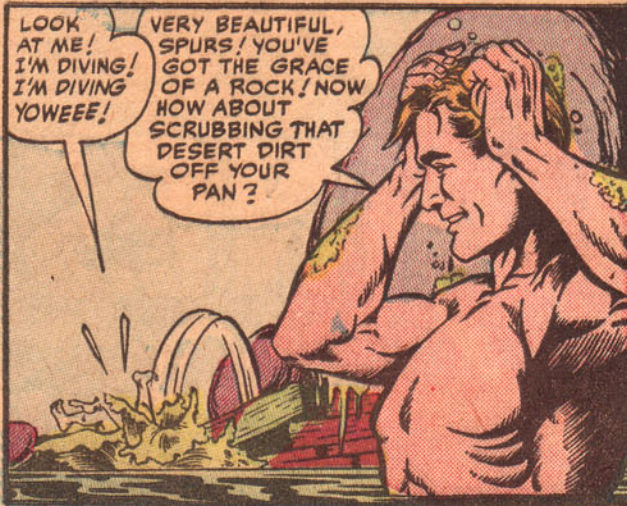


LONG AGO A VALLEY OF DEATH STRETCHED BETWEEN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND THE PACIFIC OCEAN! THOSE WHO PASSED THROUGH THAT DREAD TERRITORY UNDERWENT THE EXTREME TEST OF THEIR BODIES AND SOULS! IT WAS HARD ENOUGH TO FIGHT NATURE'S CRUELTY AND THE SAVAGES WHO TRIED TO MAKE THE WEST THE GRAVEYARD OF PROGRESS! BUT IT WAS A MANIACAL ENEMY FROM WITHIN WHO THREATENED ARIZONA RAINES AND HIS SADDLE-PARD, SPURS, WITH TOTAL EXTINCTION, AS THEY DESPERATELY TRIED TO MOVE THE WAGON WHEELS WESTWARD!



# CRACK WESTERN

IT'S NOT EVERY DAY A COWBOY CAN TAKE A BATH---



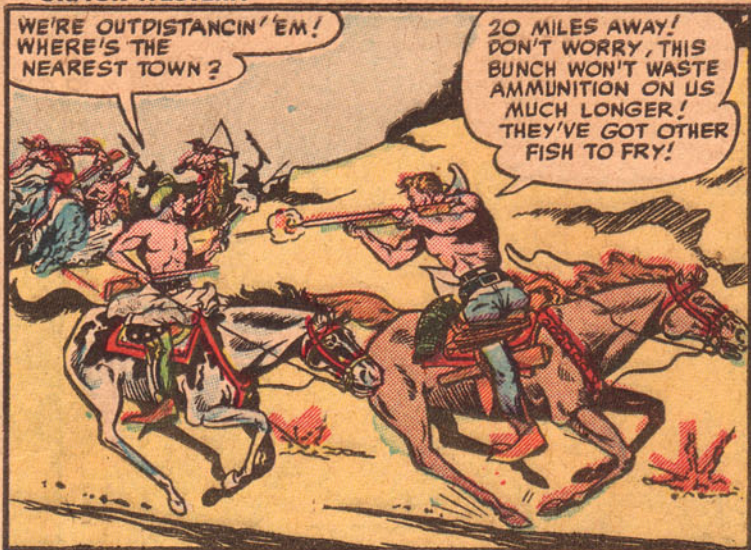


# CRACK WESTERN



WOW! MORE REDSKINS! AN' ALL THIN'KIN' ABOUT US! THEM COMANCHES ON THE ROCKS MUST'VE BEEN THEIR SCOUTS!

PUT UP YOUR RIFLE, YOU YOUNG YACK! WE CAN'T TAKE ON AN ARMY! WE'VE GOT TO RIDE FOR OUR LIVES! C'MON!



WE'RE OUTDISTANCIN' 'EM! WHERE'S THE NEAREST TOWN?

20 MILES AWAY! DON'T WORRY, THIS BUNCH WON'T WASTE AMMUNITION ON US MUCH LONGER! THEY'VE GOT OTHER FISH TO FRY!

ONE HOUR LATER, IN GREEN GULCH...



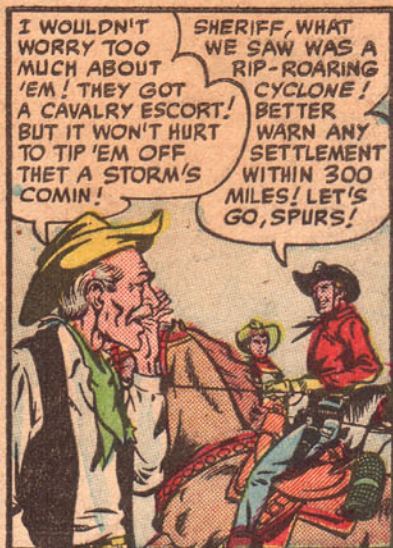
SO THE COMANCHES ARE ON THE WAR-PATH! WE'VE BEEN HEARIN' SUCH RUMORS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S BOTHERIN' 'EM, BUT THEY'RE OUT FOR BLOOD!



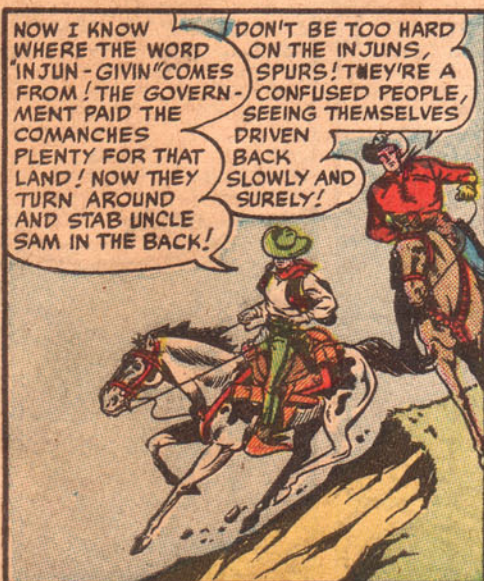
HMM... LIKELY BECAUSE OF THAT HUNK OF HUNTING GROUND THE GOVERNMENT THREW OPEN TO SETTLEMENT! A WAGON TRAIN OF SETTLERS PULLED OUT HERE LAST NIGHT FOR THAT LAND!

THEN THE TRAIN'S THEIR LIKELIEST TARGET! WE'LL WARN 'EM!



I WOULDN'T WORRY TOO MUCH ABOUT 'EM! THEY GOT A CAVALRY ESCORT! BUT IT WON'T HURT TO TIP 'EM OFF THET A STORM'S COMIN'!

SHERIFF, WHAT WE SAW WAS A RIP-ROARING CYCLONE! BETTER WARN ANY SETTLEMENT WITHIN 300 MILES! LET'S GO, SPURS!



NOW I KNOW WHERE THE WORD 'INJUN-GIVIN' COMES FROM! THE GOVERNMENT PAID THE COMANCHES PLENTY FOR THAT LAND! NOW THEY TURN AROUND AND STAB UNCLE SAM IN THE BACK!

DON'T BE TOO HARD ON THE INJUNS, SPURS! THEY'RE A CONFUSED PEOPLE, SEEING THEMSELVES DRIVEN BACK SLOWLY AND SURELY!



THEY STRIKE OUT BLINDLY AT THOSE THEY THINK ARE THEIR ENEMY! AND IN THE LONG RUN THEY DON'T STAND A CHANCE! IN A WAY, YOU'VE GOT TO PITY 'EM!



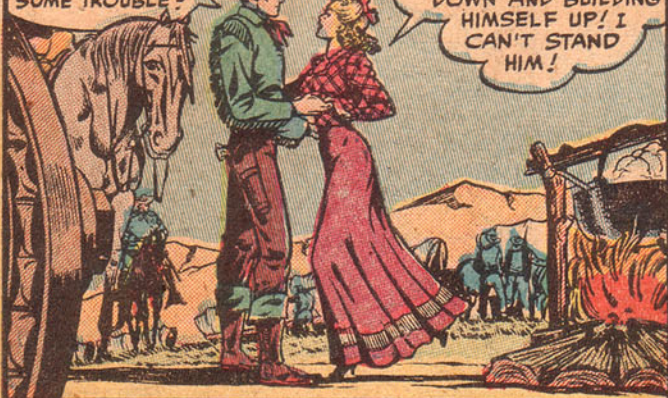
PITY A CRITTER WHO'LL TRY TO WEAR MY SCALP ON HIS BELT? NUTS TO THAT! I PITY THET WAGON TRAIN IF WE DON'T WARN 'EM IN TIME!



LATER THAT DAY, AS THE WAGON TRAIN SETTLES DOWN FOR THE NIGHT...

YOUR DAD SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE ME, HELEN! SOME TROUBLE?

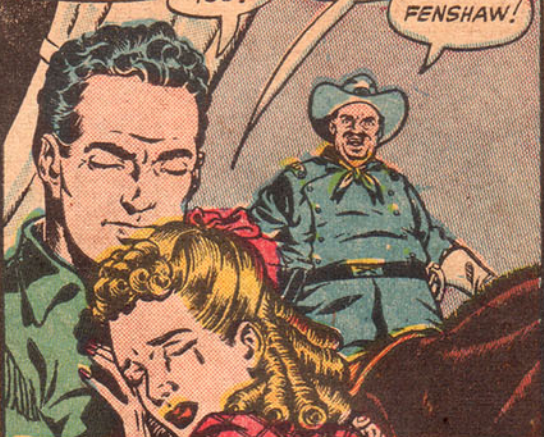
YES! IT'S CAPTAIN GROPE! HE DOESN'T LEAVE ME ALONE A SECOND, DAN! HE KEEPS RUNNING YOU DOWN AND BUILDING HIMSELF UP! I CAN'T STAND HIM!



NOBODY LIKES GROPE! BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID OF HIM! YOU STILL LOVE ME, DON'T YOU?

BUT HE FRIGHTENS ME! HE'S INSANELY JEALOUS OF YOU, DAN!

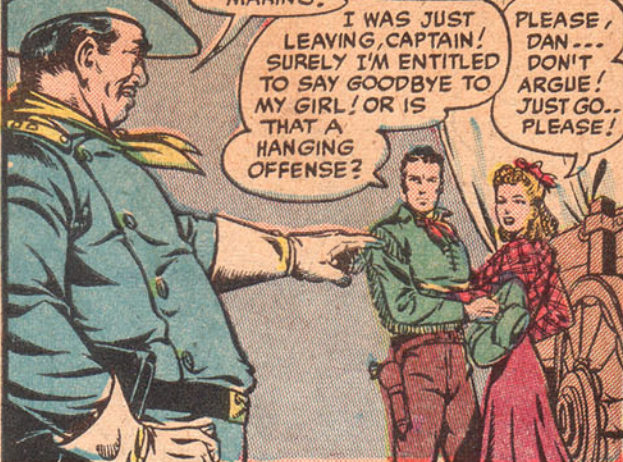
FENSHAW!



LET ME REMIND YOU OF YOUR DUTIES, FENSHAW! THEY CONSIST OF SCOUTING FOR THIS WAGON TRAIN, NOT IN LOVE-MAKING!

I WAS JUST LEAVING, CAPTAIN! SURELY I'M ENTITLED TO SAY GOODBYE TO MY GIRL! OR IS THAT A HANGING OFFENSE?

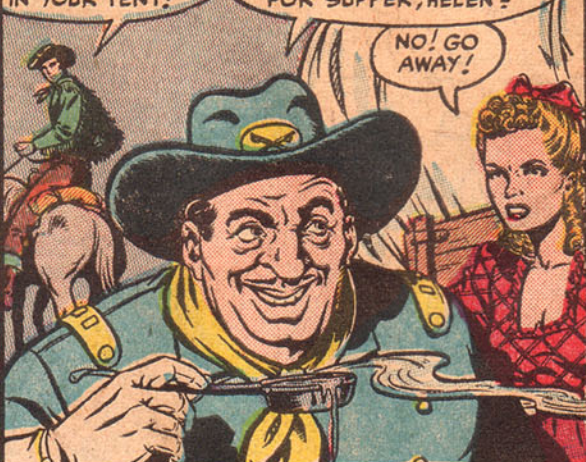
PLEASE, DAN... DON'T ARGUE! JUST GO... PLEASE!



I'LL REPORT BACK AT MIDNIGHT! LET ME FIND YOU IN YOUR TENT!

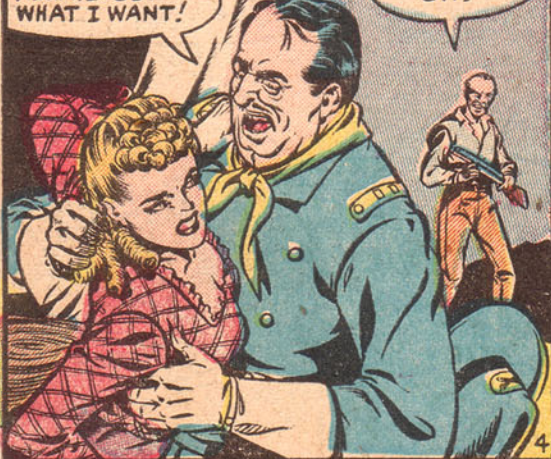
IMPUDENT YOUNG CROWBAIT! AHH! VENISON STEW! DELICIOUS! AM I INVITED FOR SUPPER, HELEN?

NO! GO AWAY!



LOOK HERE, YOU SHE-CAT! YOU CAN'T TREAT ME THIS WAY! I'M CAPTAIN GROPE AND I ALWAYS GET WHAT I WANT!

TAKE YOUR PAWS OFF MY DAUGHTER, CAP'N, AN' GIT!



YOU SLIMY WEASEL, YOU'VE PLAYED TIN GOD EVER SINCE YOU TOOK OVER THIS WAGON TRAIN! WELL, GIT BACK TO YOUR HOBBY HOSS AN' STICK TO YOUR SOLDIERIN'!

YOU'RE LUCKY I LIKE YOUR DAUGHTER! I'VE HAD MEN HORSE-WHIPPED FOR LESS THAN THIS!



LATER, AT CAPTAIN GROPE'S TENT...

THE WAGONS ARE IN A CIRCLE, SIR, AND ALL GUARDS HAVE BEEN POSTED!

HANG YOU, THE GUARDS, AND THIS RUTTY WAGON TRAIN! GET OUT OF MY WAY, YOU IDIOT!







THE DEVIL TAKE HER! SHE WON'T TREAT ME LIKE DIRT! AND THAT OLD COOT, HER FATHER... I'LL FIX HIM, TOO! I'M IN ABSOLUTE COMMAND HERE! I'LL HAVE MY WAY... OR ELSE!



DON'T SHOOT, YOU LOCOWEED! CAN'T YUH SEE WE'RE FRIENDS?

I'VE A MESSAGE FOR YOUR SENIOR OFFICER! WHERE IS HE?

BACK IN THE BIG TENT!



SORRY TO DISTURB YOU! THESE MEN SAY THEY'VE GOT TO SEE YOU AT ONCE!

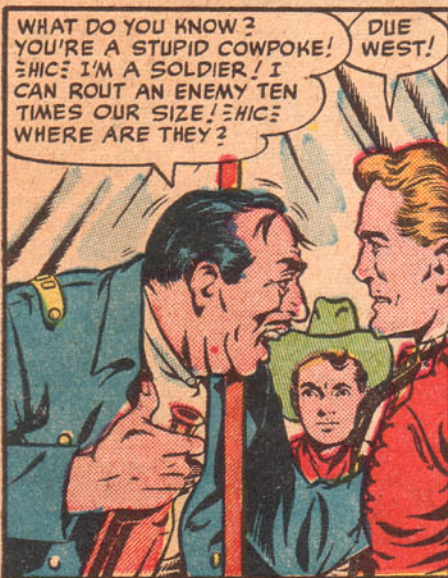
IN FACT, WE MUST HAVE PRIVACY! IF THE TRAIN LEARNS OF MY MESSAGE, THERE'LL BE A PANIC!

WELL, SPILL IT, FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M TRYING TO REST?



SO THERE'S A COMANCHE UPRISING, EH? THEY'RE GATHERED TO AMBUSH US, EH? HOW PRETTY! HAVE A DRINK, STRANGER!

I DON'T DRINK AND NEITHER SHOULD YOU IN A SPOT LIKE THIS! YOU'VE GOT THIRTY MEN... MAYBE FORTY MORE IN THE TRAIN... AGAINST A HOWLING ARMY OF HUNDREDS!



WHAT DO YOU KNOW? YOU'RE A STUPID COWPOKE! HIC I'M A SOLDIER! I CAN ROUT AN ENEMY TEN TIMES OUR SIZE! HIC WHERE ARE THEY?

DUE WEST!



WE'LL HELP YOU IN ANY WAY WE CAN, CAPTAIN! IF THE COMANCHES PULL THIS AMBUSH, THEIR VICTORY WILL TOUCH OFF A GENERAL WAR!

YOU HAVE BRAINS, I SEE! KEEP ME INFORMED OF THE COMANCHE MOVEMENTS; THAT'S ALL!

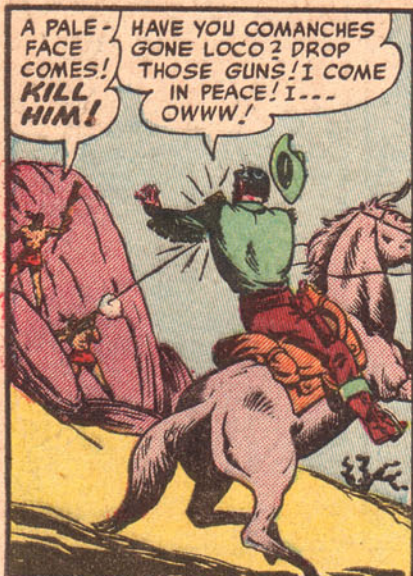
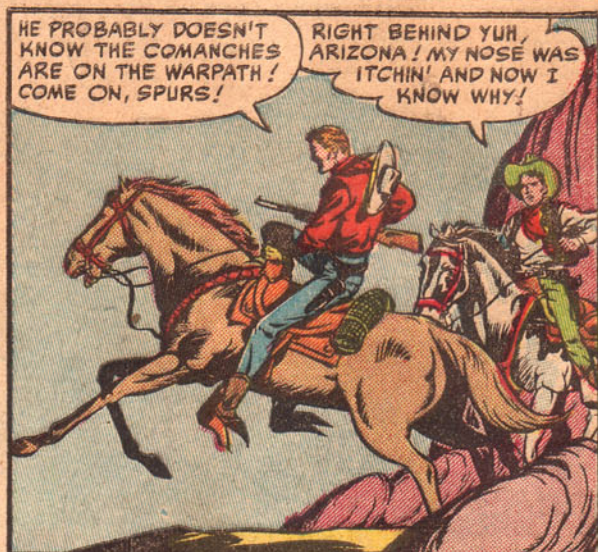
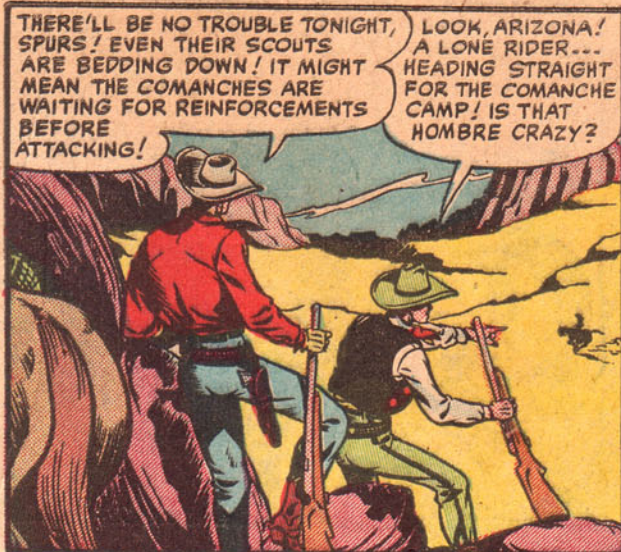


THEY HOMBRE WORRIES ME! I PEG HIM AS A BAD ACTOR!

LET'S NOT JUDGE PEOPLE TOO HASTILY, SPURS! STILL, I AGREE... THERE IS SOMETHING ABOUT GROPE!

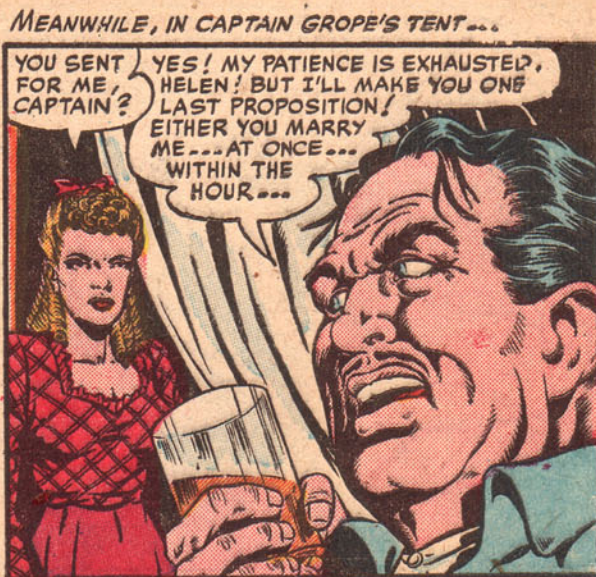
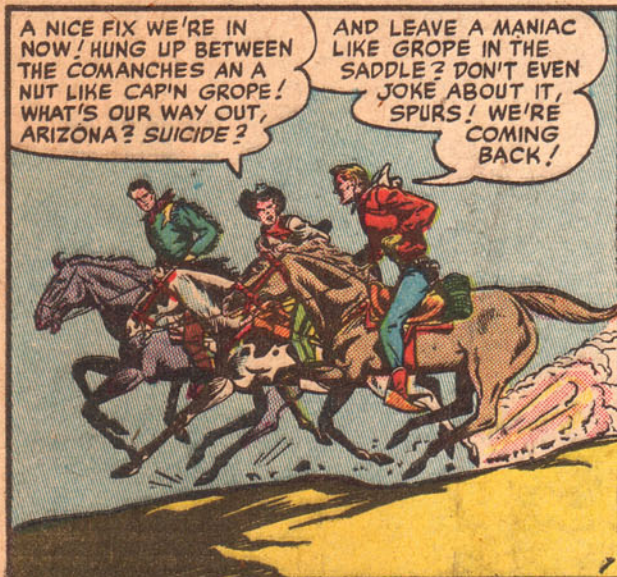
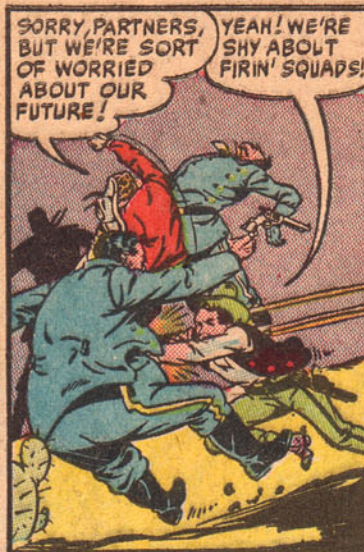


AFTER MIDNIGHT AS DAN FENSHAW REPORTS TO GROPE...





# CRACK WESTERN







...OR I DESERT THE WAGON TRAIN! I LEAVE IT BEFORE DAWN WITH MY ENTIRE FORCE! I MIGHT MENTION THERE'S A COMANCHE ARMY WAITING TO MASSACRE YOU!

WHY, YOU'RE NOT ONLY POWER-MAD! YOU'RE JUST PLAIN MAD! LET ME OUT OF HERE!



SO, YOU REJECT ME AGAIN! IF I CAN'T GET WHAT I WANT PEACEFULLY I TAKE IT BY FORCE!

OH!!

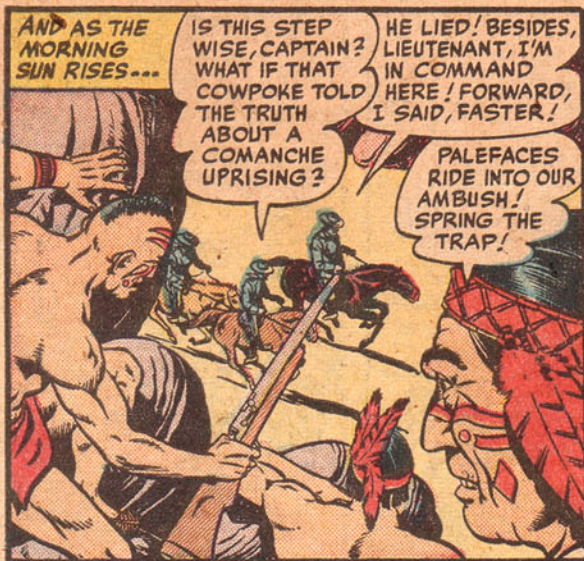


I'LL GAG YOU AND PUT YOU IN BACK OF THE AMMUNITION SUPPLY WAGON!



BUT, CAPTAIN YOU WERE TO ESCORT US ALL THE WAY TO THE --- OWWWW!

MY ORDERS ARE TO CONDUCT YOU THIS FAR AND NO FURTHER! GO THE REST OF THE WAY YOURSELVES! TROOP, FORWARD GALLOP!

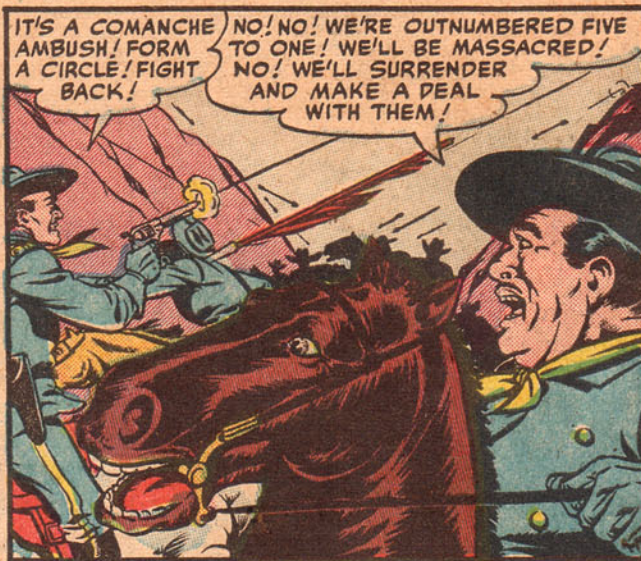


AND AS THE MORNING SUN RISES---

IS THIS STEP WISE, CAPTAIN? WHAT IF THAT COWPOKE TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT A COMANCHE UPRISING?

HE LIED! BESIDES, LIEUTENANT, I'M IN COMMAND HERE! FORWARD, I SAID, FASTER!

PALEFACES RIDE INTO OUR AMBUSH! SPRING THE TRAP!



IT'S A COMANCHE AMBUSH! FORM A CIRCLE! FIGHT BACK!

NO! NO! WE'RE OUTNUMBERED FIVE TO ONE! WE'LL BE MASSACRED! NO! WE'LL SURRENDER AND MAKE A DEAL WITH THEM!



THEY RAISE THE WHITE FLAG OF SURRENDER!

A FOOL LEADS THEM! WE WILL TAKE THEM AND KILL THEM LATER! ACCEPT HIS SURRENDER!



CHIEF, I'LL MAKE A BARGAIN! I'LL LEAVE MY MEN HERE AND GO BACK TO THE WAGON TRAIN! I'LL LEAD IT SMACK INTO YOUR AMBUSH! JUST SPARE MY LIFE AND THIS GIRL'S!

TWO LIVES FOR FIFTY LIVES! A FAIR EXCHANGE! YOU MAY HAVE THE GIRL! GIVE ME THE SETTLERS!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

DO YOU THINK DAN CAN MAKE IT BACK HERE WITH RE-INFORCEMENTS FROM GREEN GULCH IN TIME TO SAVE THE WAGON?

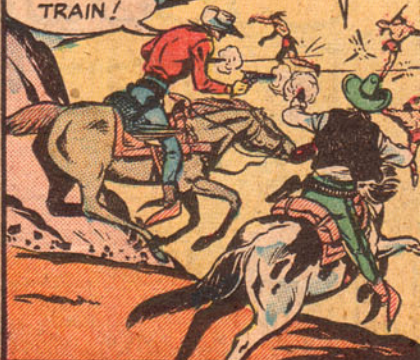
THERE'S THE ANSWER! A DESERTED INJUN CAMP WITH A FEW GUARDING GROPE'S CAPTURED TROOP! THAT MEANS THE COMANCHES ARE ATTACKING THE TRAIN NOW!



SECONDS LATER...

POUR IT ON, SPURS! MAYBE WE CAN FREE THESE TROOPERS IN TIME TO RESCUE THE WAGON TRAIN!

KENO! AN' TEN TO ONE GROPE'S MISSIN' FACE MEANS HE DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS OWN PEOPLE!



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

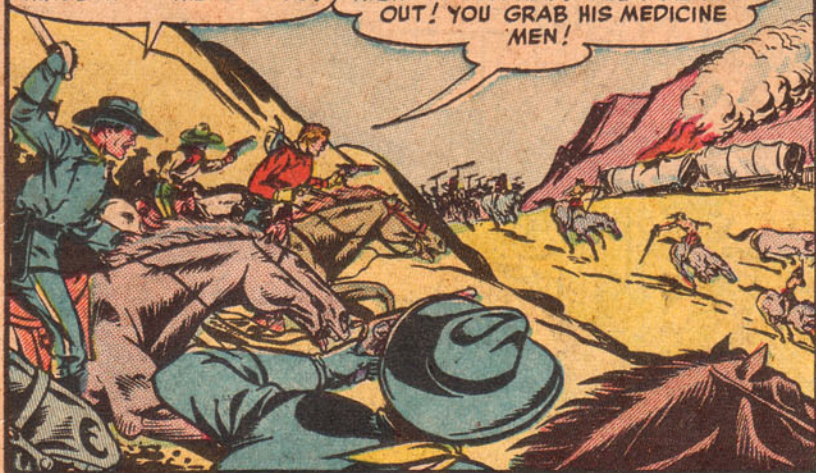
IF YOU HADN'T RETURNED, MR. RAINES... WE'D ALL BE GONERS NOW!

OUR BEST TACTIC IS TO SURPRISE THEM FROM THE REAR... CATCH 'EM IN CROSS-FIRE!



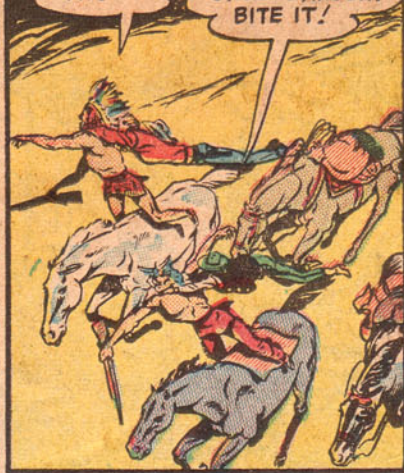
FORWARD, MEN! OUR CHARGE WILL CARRY US THROUGH TO THE WAGONS!

SPURS, IT JUST HIT ME HOW WE CAN END THIS BLOODBATH! THE CHIEF'S RIGHT IN OUR WAY! I'LL TAKE HIM OUT! YOU GRAB HIS MEDICINE MEN!



ALL TOGETHER, SPURS... ONE-- TWO--

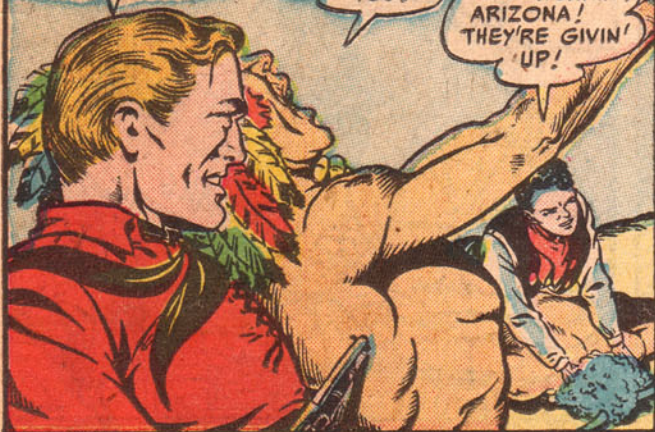
PLENTY OF DUST ON THE GROUND, INJUN! BITE IT!



BETTER CALL OFF YOUR BRAVES, CHIEF, OR YOU'RE A SECOND AWAY FROM MEETING THE GREAT SPIRIT!

DON'T SHOOT! THEY WILL LISTEN TO ME! COMANCHE BRAVES, SURRENDER! THROW DOWN YOUR ARMS! I, YOUR CHIEF, COMMAND YOU!

IT'S WORKIN', ARIZONA! THEY'RE GIVIN' UP!

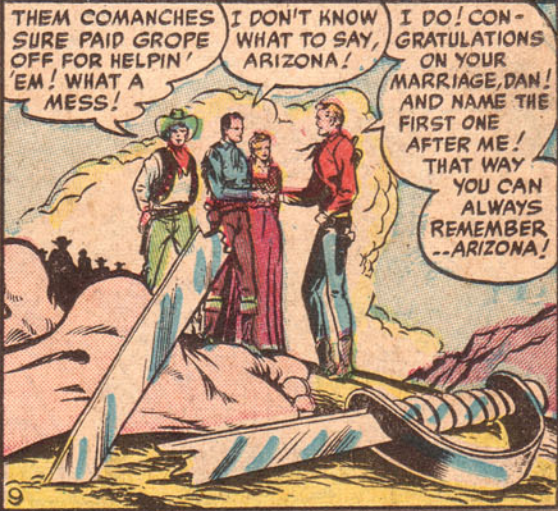


AFTER DAN FENSHAW ARRIVES WITH REINFORCEMENTS FROM GREEN GULCH...

THEM COMANCHES SURE PAID GROPE OFF FOR HELPIN' 'EM! WHAT A MESS!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY, ARIZONA!

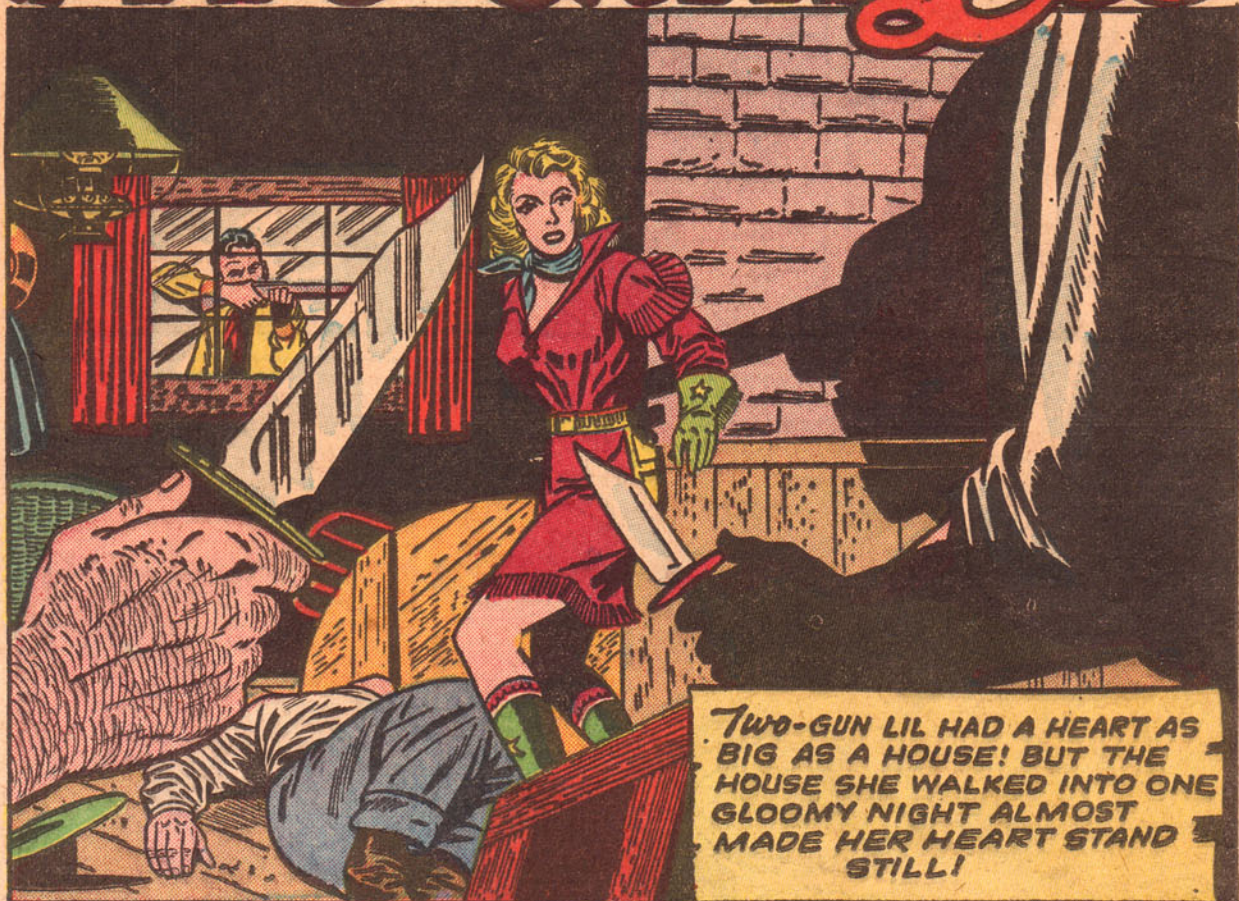
I DO! CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR MARRIAGE, DAN! AND NAME THE FIRST ONE AFTER ME! THAT WAY YOU CAN ALWAYS REMEMBER --ARIZONA!





CRACK WESTERN

# TWO-GUN LIL

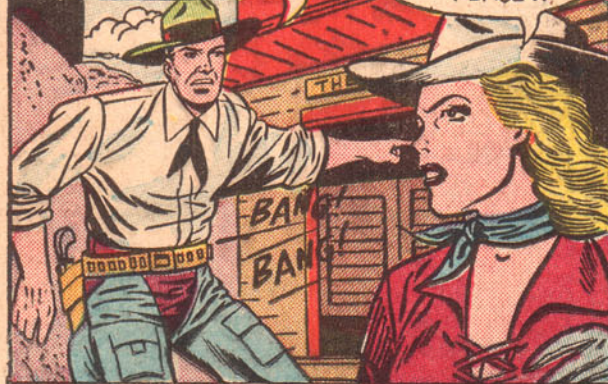


TWO-GUN LIL HAD A HEART AS BIG AS A HOUSE! BUT THE HOUSE SHE WALKED INTO ONE GLOOMY NIGHT ALMOST MADE HER HEART STAND STILL!

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, WHILE LIL PETERS WAS TAKING A SOLITARY STROLL...

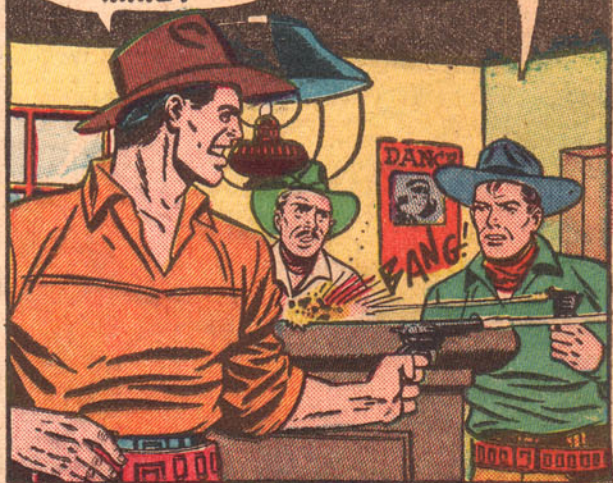
HEY, LIL! COME QUICK! DAN HYLAN AN' CROWFACE MCCOY ARE KILLIN' EACH OTHER AN' IT'S ALL **YOUR** FAULT!

CONSNARN THOSE STUPID RANNIES! WHEN WILL THEY GIVE ME SOME PEACE?!



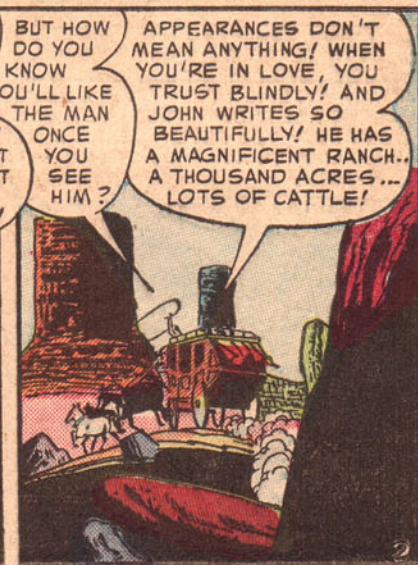
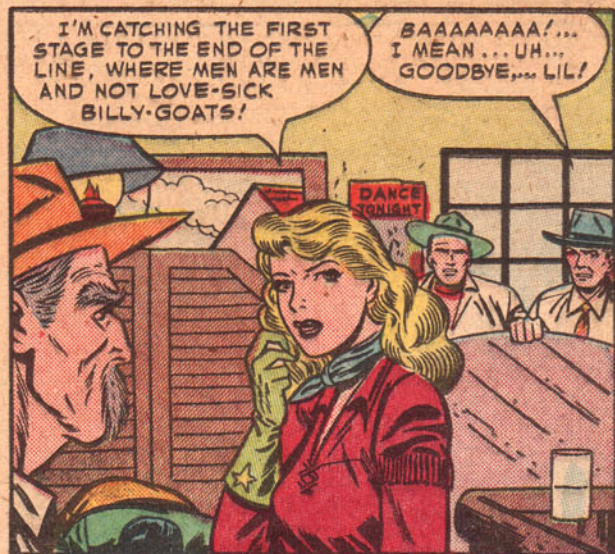
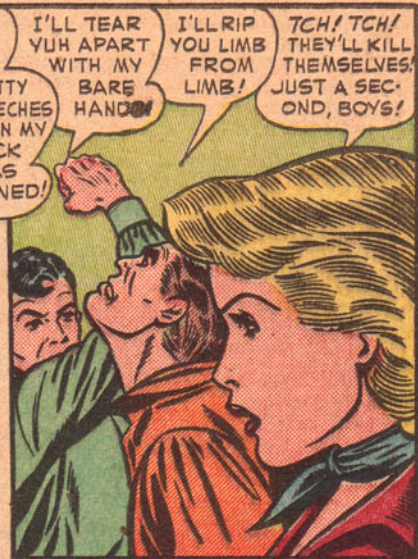
SHE'S **MINE**, I TELL YOU! **MINE, MINE, MINE!**

AN' I SAY SHE'S **MINE!** **MINE! MINE! MINE!**





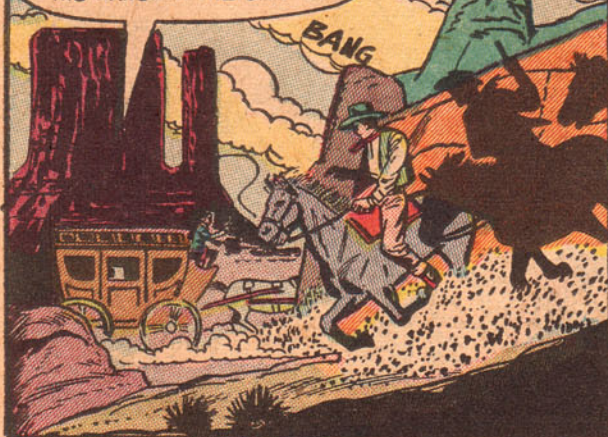
# CRACK WESTERN





... I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THAT AFTER FOUR MONTHS OF WRITING, I'M GOING TO SEE JOHN AT LAST! HE'S WAITING FOR ME NOW AT HIS RANCH... THE BAR-X!

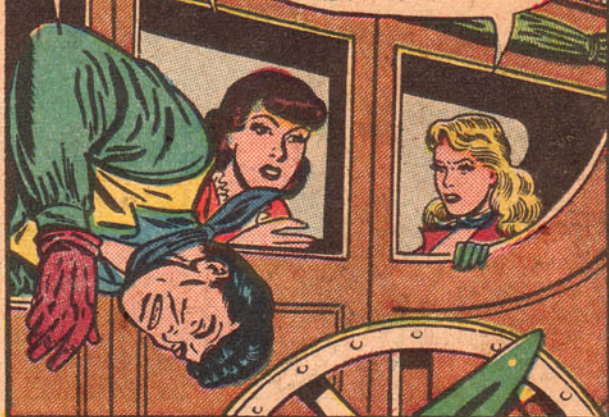
OKAY, MEN! LET'S TAKE THIS STAGE!



EEAAA!

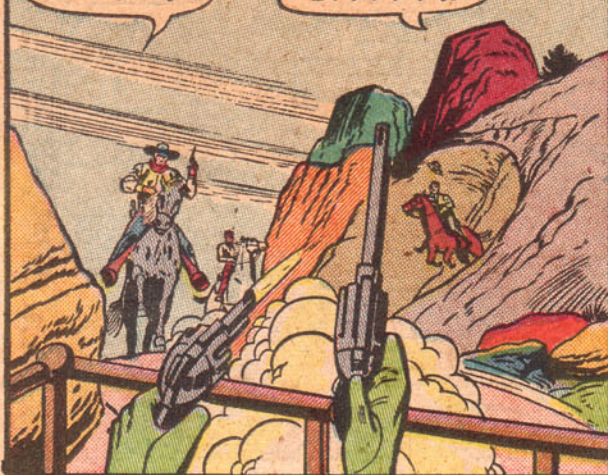
WHAT IS IT?

OUTLAWS, SIS! SOMETHING YOU EASTERN CALICOES KNOW NOTHING ABOUT! KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN! I'VE GOT TO GO TOPSIDE... THE TEAM IS RUNNING WILD NOW!



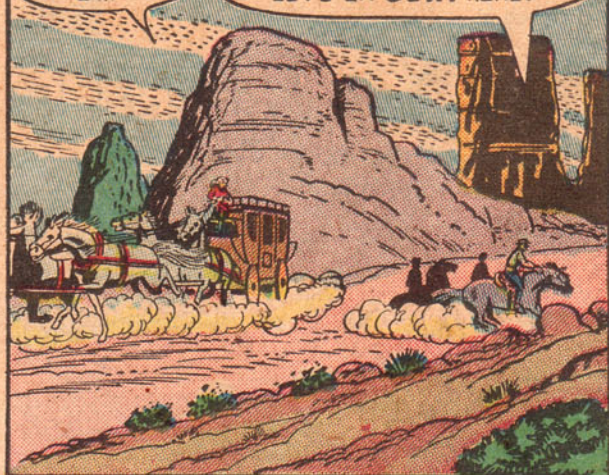
LOOK WHAT'S CRAWLIN' OUT! A DAME!

THAT AIN'T NO DAME! THAT'S TWO-GUN LIL... E-I-I-I-I-I!



NO DAME, EH?! I'LL SHOW 'EM!

I DON'T WANT THET MAIL SHIPMENT BAD ENOUGH TO CROAK FUR IT! LET'S GIT OUTA HERE!



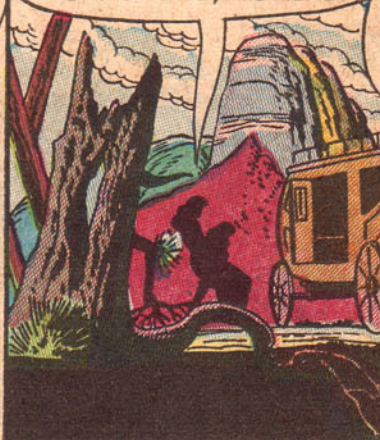
MINUTES LATER, AS LIL BRINGS THE STAGE TO A STOP...

HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT SCRAPE? LETTER-WRITING WON'T HELP YOU OUT OF JAMS LIKE TH... H-HEY!

B-BULLET... COUGH... I'M H-HIT! I T-TH... OHNNNNH!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO A DOCTOR FAST! LET'S SEE! THERE'S A GOOD SAWBONES HALF-WAY BETWEEN PETERVILLE, WHERE SHE WAS GOING, AND HERE!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE...

WELL, I'VE DONE EVERYTHING I CAN, LIL! THE REST IS UP TO HEAVEN! HAS SHE ANY RELATIONS?

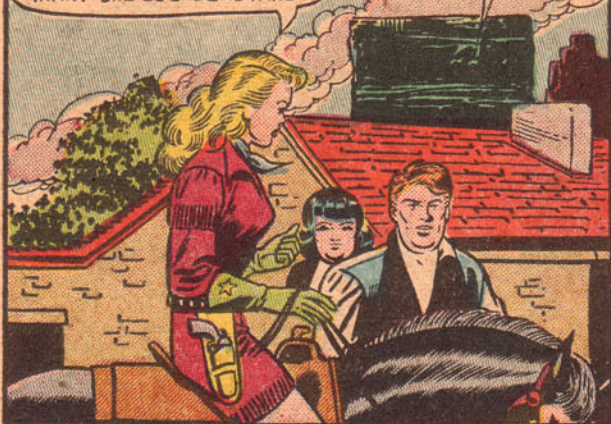
I'VE BEEN DIGGING THROUGH HER PERSONAL THINGS! SHE'S AN ORPHAN NAMED NOLA SALISBURY! BUT SHE WAS ON HER WAY TO MARRY A WEALTHY RANCHER, NAMED JOHN HUGHES! HE LIVES ABOUT 15 MILES FROM HERE!



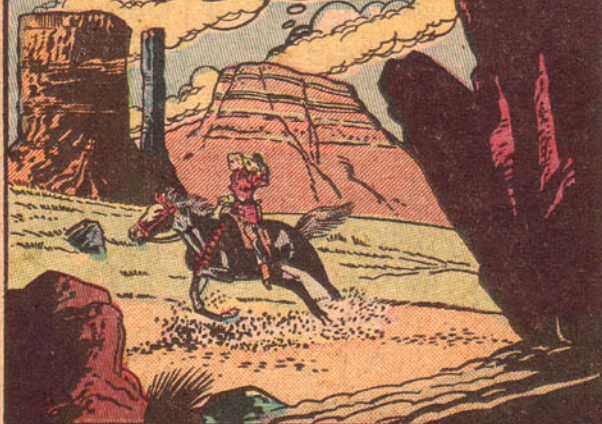


I'LL GO FOR HIM! HE'LL BE WORRIED WHEN THE STAGE DOESN'T SHOW UP, ANYWAY! IF SHE COMES TO, TELL HER I'VE GONE FOR HER DREAM MAN! SHE'LL UNDERSTAND!

LET'S HOPE SHE'S **ALIVE** TO UNDERSTAND IT! RIDE FAST, LIL!



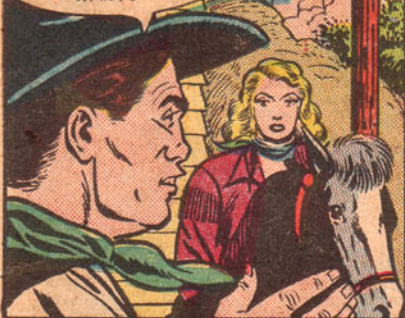
THAT'S LUCK FOR YOU! NOLA SALISBURY PACKS HER BAGS, TAKES ALONG HER LAST CENT, AND GOES TO MARRY A MAN 2,000 MILES AWAY! AND WHAT **HAPPENS?**! SHE GETS A BULLET!



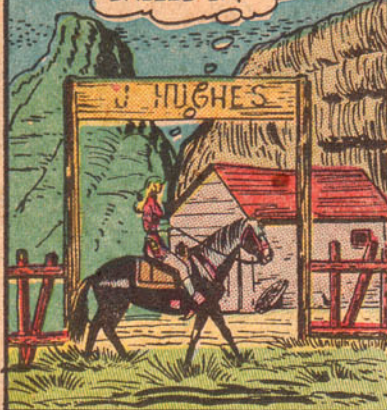
AN HOUR LATER...

THE BAR-X? NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A RANCH, MISS! BUT THERE'S A JOHN HUGHES! AROUND THAT MOUNTAIN AN' BEAR RIGHT! ARE YUH **SURE** IT'S JOHN HUGHES YUH WANT?

IT ISN'T SANTA CLAUS! THANKS, PARD!



HMMMM... HERE IT IS! BUT THERE'S NO 1,000 ACRES OR CATTLE ON IT! THIS RUN-DOWN RATHOLE IS ON ITS LAST LEGS! THAT EASTERN GAL MUST'VE GOT THINGS ALL BALLED UP!

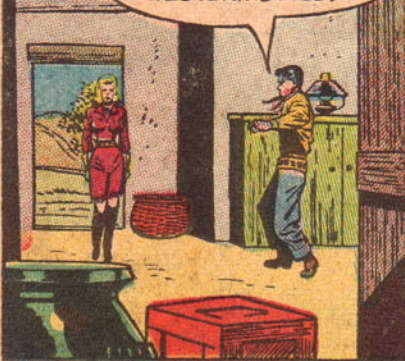


I'M LOOKING FOR JOHN HUGHES! NOLA SALISBURY...

**NOLA?** WHY, MY DEAR! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO DOWN TO THE STAGE STATION TO FETCH YOU! COME IN! COME IN!



BUT... DON'T SAY A WORD... I'M DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU! YOU BROUGHT YOUR DOWRY? WHAT A QUESTION! OF COURSE! IT MUST BE OUTSIDE IN THOSE SADDLE BAGS! I MUST SAY I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO BE DRESSED LIKE THIS... WESTERN STYLE!



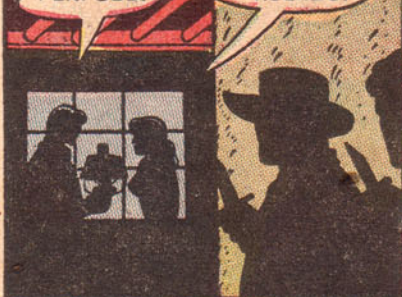
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I...

YOU WANTED TO SURPRISE ME, SO YOU BOUGHT A COSTUME. EVEN TO TWO GUNS IN YOUR HOLSTERS! HEH! HEH! VERY CUTE! AND YOUR HAIR...YOU'VE DYED IT!



PERHAPS YOU THOUGHT I'D LIKE A BLONDE WIFE BETTER! HEH! HEH! I LIKE THEM ALL! I HAVE NO PREFERENCE! ALL WOMEN ARE ALIKE TO ME! THEY SERVE ONLY ONE PURPOSE!

LOOK, MISTER! STOP BLOWING OUT THE LIGHTS! I ADMIT YOUR LOOKS IMPROVE WHEN I CAN'T SEE 'EM, BUT I'M HERE ON BUSINESS! I CAME HERE TO SEE JOHN HUGHES!





# CRACK WESTERN



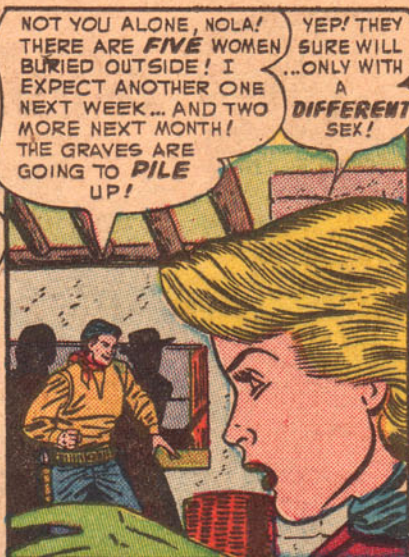
BUT I'M JOHN HUGHES!  
...A WEE BIT DIFFERENT  
FROM THE PICTURE  
PRINTED IN THE  
MARRIAGE BUREAU  
MAGAZINE PERHAPS,  
BUT HUGHES NONE-  
THELESS! BOYS,  
COME OUT! MY  
BRIDE HAS  
ARRIVED!

HEY! WHO  
**ARE** THESE  
GILA  
MONSTERS?



MY BEST MEN! ALSO  
YOUR PALL-BEARERS!  
YOU SEE, MY DEAR,  
I WON'T DISAPPOINT  
YOU! YOU'LL BE  
MARRIED, BUT NOT  
TO ME! TO THE  
GRIM REAPER!

YOU TWO-  
LEGGED  
SKUNK... AND  
I'M INSULTING  
THE SKUNKS!  
YOU MEAN TO  
TELL ME, YOU  
LURED NOLA  
SALISBURY OUT  
HERE... SHE  
AND HER DOWRY  
MONEY... TO  
**MURDER**  
HER?!



NOT YOU ALONE, NOLA!  
THERE ARE **FIVE** WOMEN  
BURIED OUTSIDE! I  
EXPECT ANOTHER ONE  
NEXT WEEK... AND TWO  
MORE NEXT MONTH!  
THE GRAVES ARE  
GOING TO **PILE**  
UP!

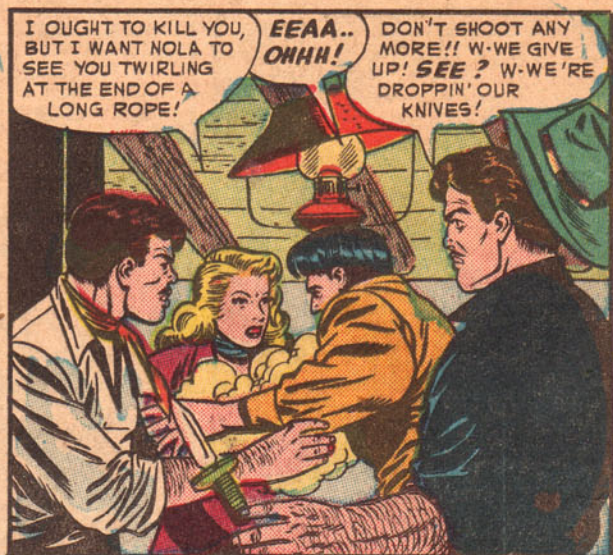
YEP! THEY  
SURE WILL  
...ONLY WITH  
A  
**DIFFERENT**  
SEX!



**EAAAAA!**

YOU... YOU KNOW  
HOW TO **SHOOT**  
THOSE GUNS!

YOU'RE CATCHING ON,  
LOVER!! NOW LATCH ON  
TO SOME LEAD  
**YOURSELF!**



I OUGHT TO KILL YOU,  
BUT I WANT NOLA TO  
SEE YOU TWIRLING  
AT THE END OF A  
LONG ROPE!

**EEAA..  
OH!!**

DON'T SHOOT ANY  
MORE!! W-WE GIVE  
UP! **SEE ?** W-WE'RE  
DROPPIN' OUR  
KNIVES!



SO YOU RAN A MURDER RACKET,  
LURING POOR, GULLIBLE GALS  
OUT HERE TO BE BUTCHERED FOR  
THE DOWRIES THEY BROUGHT YOU!  
...MAN, HANGING JUST **ONCE** IS  
TOO GOOD FOR YOU! ...KEEP  
WALKING OR YOU'LL ALL GET  
IT **NOW!**

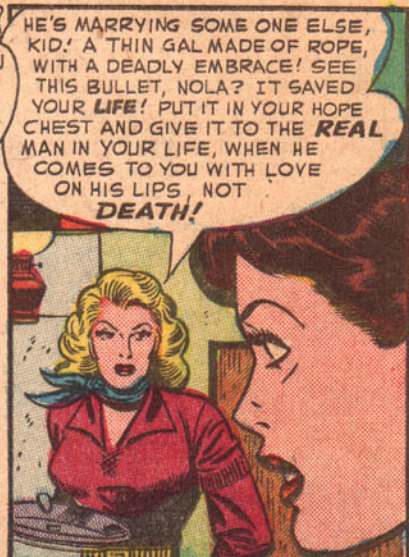


**NOURS LATER, AS THE SUN CAME UP...**

AH, YOU'RE **BACK**,  
LIL! MISS SALIS-  
BURY'S GOING TO  
BE ALL RIGHT!  
SHE'S LUCKY!

YOU'RE  
TELLING  
**ME** SHE'S  
LUCKY!

DID YOU  
SEE  
JOHN?  
HOW IS  
HE?



HE'S MARRYING SOME ONE ELSE,  
KID! A THIN GAL MADE OF ROPE,  
WITH A DEADLY EMBRACE! SEE  
THIS BULLET, NOLA? IT SAVED  
YOUR **LIFE!** PUT IT IN YOUR HOPE  
CHEST AND GIVE IT TO THE **REAL**  
MAN IN YOUR LIFE, WHEN HE  
COMES TO YOU WITH LOVE  
ON HIS LIPS, NOT  
**DEATH!**





**BIGGER!**



**BIGGER!**  
*and*  
**BIGGER!**

*It's*  
**BLACKHAWK!**

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BRINGS YOU EVERY  
MONTH THE GREATEST  
ADVENTURES EVER  
PACKED IN ONE ISSUE!

THE MOST POPULAR  
AND WIDELY READ  
COMIC MAGAZINE!

DISTRIBUTED IN  
OVER 25 COUNTRIES  
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD!





# BOB ALLEN

*Frontier Marshal*

BOB ALLEN, FRONTIER MARSHAL, ADVERTISED FOR A DEPUTY! WHAT SHOWED UP FOR THE JOB ALMOST MADE HIM FAINT! BUT BOB'S SHOCK WAS NOTHING COMPARED WITH THE UPHEAVAL THAT ENSUED WHEN LUCIUS P. POTTS, SELF-STYLED SLAYER OF SIMOLEON-MAD SCALLYWAGS, PLAYED A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BLUFF WITH THE WEST'S MOST VENOMOUS GANG OF DESPERADOES---  
**THE BLACK GUN GANG!**

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, BOYS! THE BEANBRAIN'S BLIND AS A BAT!

I'LL PUT A SLUG BETWEEN HIS SHOULDER BLADES!

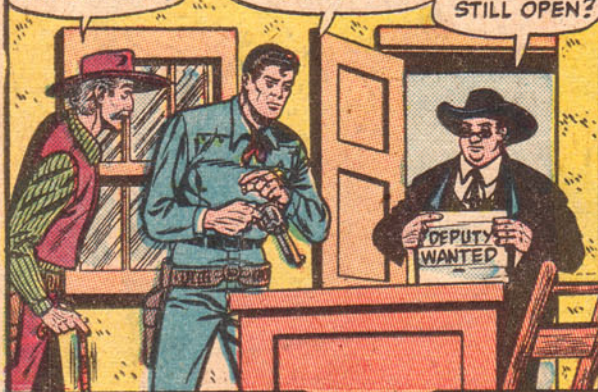
ER...THE FIRST SCOUNDREL TO REACH FOR HIS REVOLVER WILL BE...ER...LIQUIDATED!  
 GULP!



THET "DEPUTY WANTED" SIGN'S BEEN HANGIN' OUTSIDE FER TWO WEEKS! DON'T NOBODY WANT STEADY EMPLOYMENT?

GUESS NOT, OLDTIMER! THIS TOWN'S TOUGH! WEARING A DEPUTY'S STAR IS LIKE BUYING A ONE-WAY TICKET TO BOOT HILL!

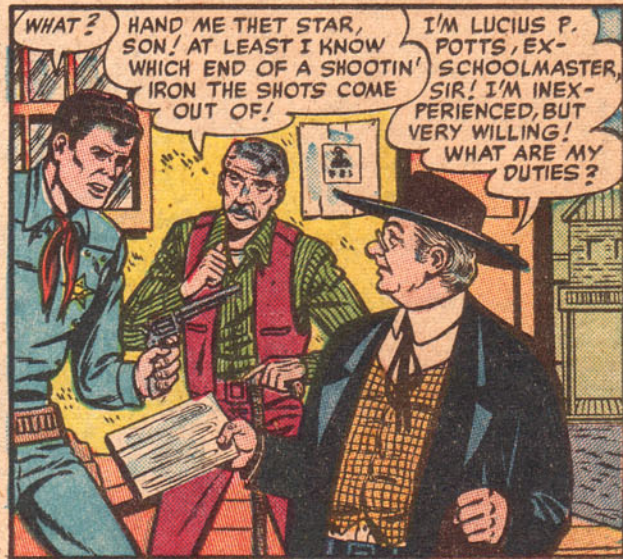
BEG PARDON, SIR! BUT IS THIS POSITION STILL OPEN?



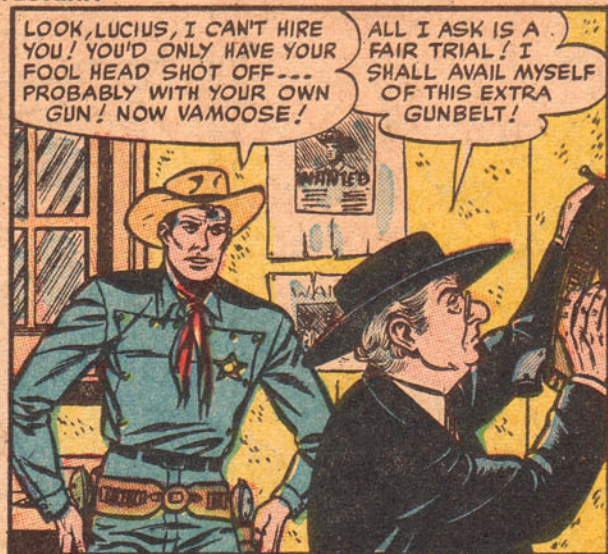
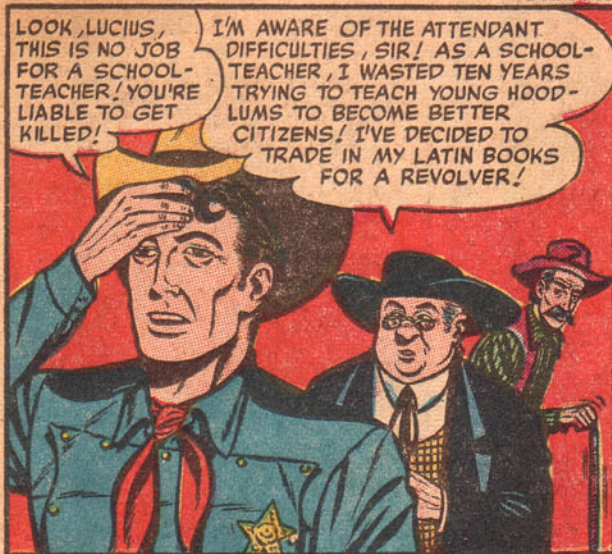
WHAT?

HAND ME THET STAR, SON! AT LEAST I KNOW WHICH END OF A SHOOTIN' IRON THE SHOTS COME OUT OF!

I'M LUCIUS P. POTTS, EX-SCHOOLMASTER, SIR! I'M INEXPERIENCED, BUT VERY WILLING! WHAT ARE MY DUTIES?

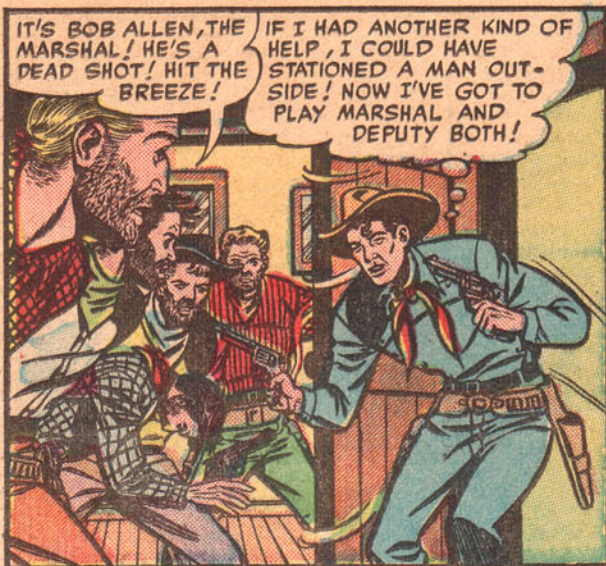
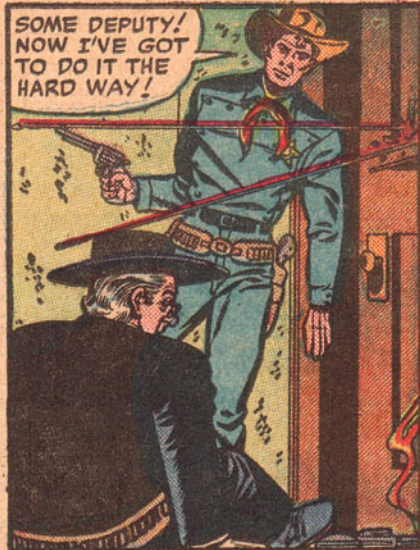
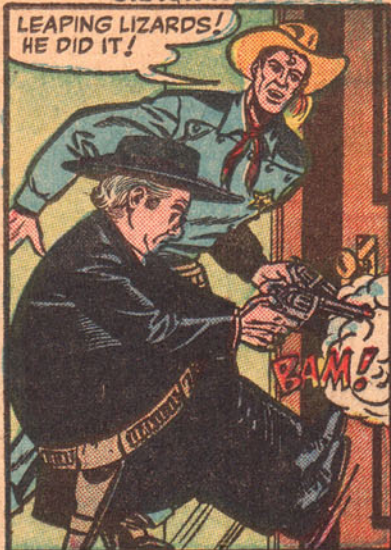




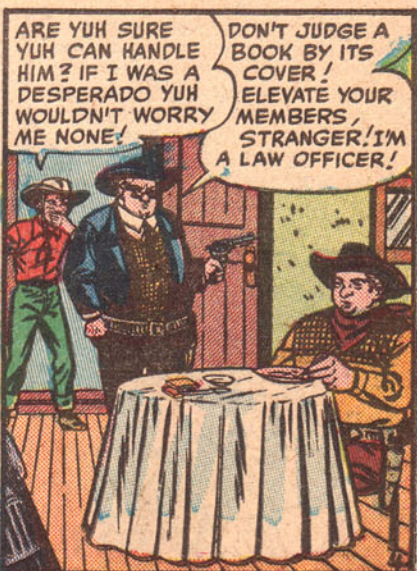
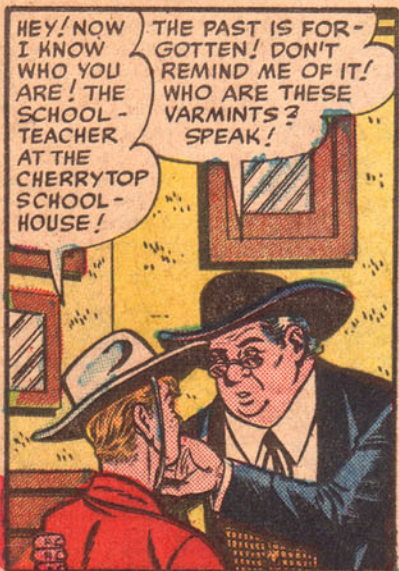
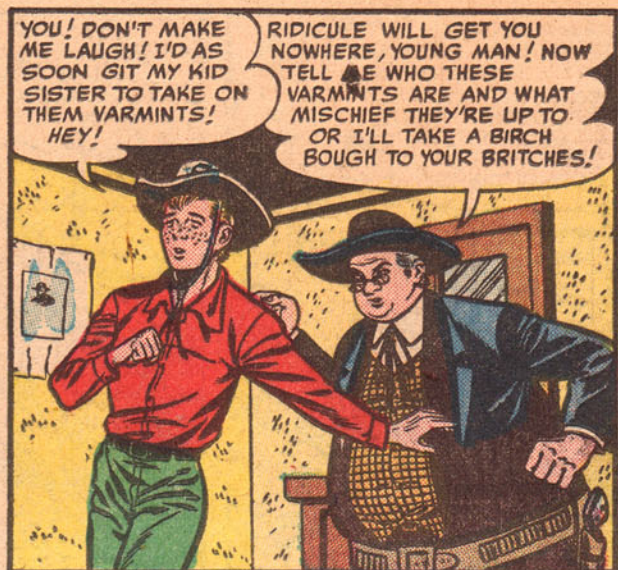
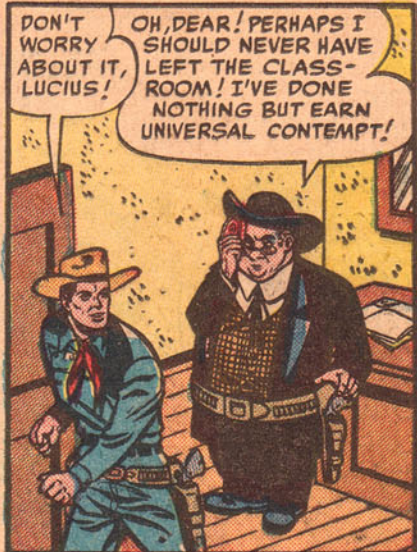




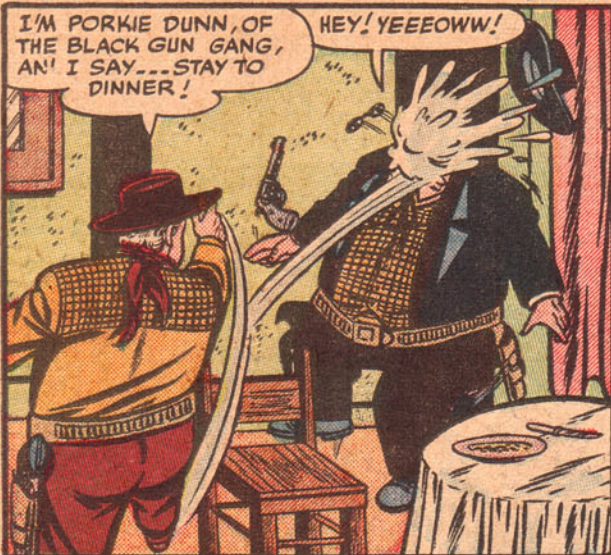
# CRACK WESTERN













AT THAT VERY SECOND, IN THE  
PEERLESS SALOON---

THIS IS VERY EMBARRASSING! I  
CAN'T SEE A FOOT IN  
FRONT OF ME WITHOUT  
MY GLASSES!

HEY!  
WHAT'S  
WITH PORKIE  
TONIGHT?

HE'S ACTIN' CRAZY!  
LOOKIT HIM WALK---  
WITH HIS ARMS  
OUT!

HE'S TRIPPIN'  
OVER HIS  
OWN TOES!  
MAYBE HE'S  
DRUNK!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS AIN'T PORKIE!  
THET BLACK EYE! THEM GLASSES  
MARKS ON HIS NOSE! YORE THET  
NEAR-SIGHTED CRUMB I SOCKED  
IN THE HOTEL THIS AFTERNOON!

GULP

AND I'M BOB ALLEN, AND  
I SAY DROP YOUR GUN  
BELTS IF YOU DON'T WANT  
YOURSELVES TO BE  
DROPPED!

EUREKA! RESCUE IS AT  
HAND! I'M WITH YOU,  
BOB! SHOULDERS TO  
SHOULDER! I HAVE  
BUT TO DRAW MY  
GUN AND---

OHHHH!

GOODNESS! THE WEAPON WENT  
OFF PREMATURELY!

BAM!

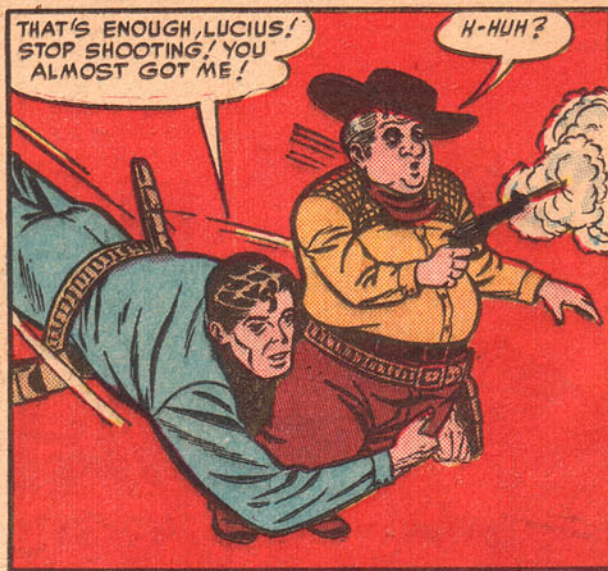
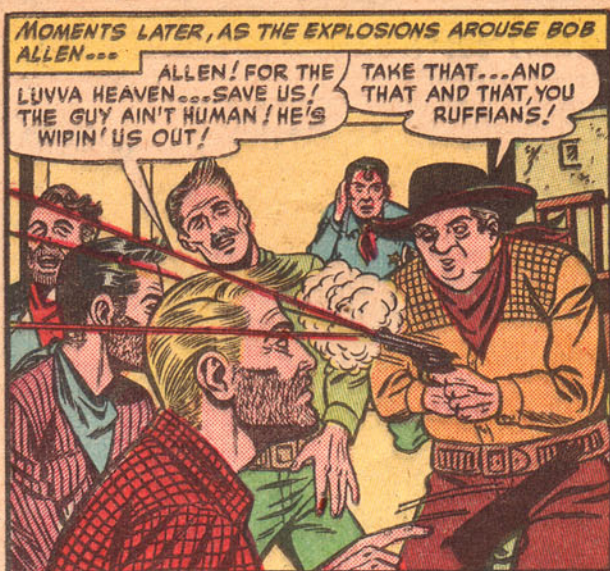
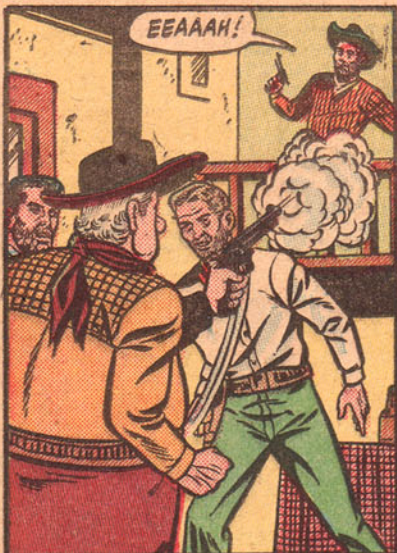
WELL, AN'T THAT A  
SHAME! BOB ALLEN'S  
OUT COLD! AN' THERE'S  
ONLY THIS NEAR-SIGHTED  
PORK BARREL BETWEEN  
US AN' A GETAWAY!

DON'T APPROACH,  
GENTLEMEN! I WARN  
YOU! I WILL PULL THIS  
TRIGGER!

YOU CAN'T TRIFLE WITH  
THE LAW, YOU KNOW!  
GET BACK, I SAY!

THIS IS A CINCH! I'LL  
LET HIM HAVE IT RIGHT  
IN THE BACK!







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OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE TEEN-AGE GIRL!

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(Signed) EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Publisher.  
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of Sept. 1951. (Signed) LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public. (My commission expires April 1, 1954.)



# TENDERFOOT COWBOY

AS the train chugged away from the small Canyon Corners' depot, a solitary figure stood watching with a satisfied smile. He was a tall, thin man with big bones and skin the color of copper. A shock of gray hair fell forward under his ten gallon hat. And his boots were shined and his clothes neater than usual. His shoulders were straighter, too, because he was proud of the way things had turned out.

"Everything's all right now," Jeb Garfield said to himself. "And that pretty girl's the one who did it."

Jeb sauntered into the depot and to the back room where his old friend, Pete Swanson, held out as the station agent. Jeb sat down and put his feet up against the pot belly stove. He looked relaxed and happy.

"Well, Pete," he began, more as if he were talking to himself, "Tom's off on his honeymoon. And he married a good girl. Yes, sir. That little Marie's a dandy!"

"She sure seems to be, Jeb," Pete answered.

"Guess I never told you, Pete," Jeb continued, "how worried I've been about that boy of mine. Tried to keep my troubles to myself and kinda hated to have people in these parts know about it, though they probably did anyway. Tom turned out to be a tenderfoot, scared of horses."

"I guess everybody around here knows," Pete replied, "that Tom hasn't been much help to you. Jeb. He never seemed to take much to ranchin'."

"My fault," mused Jeb. "I put him on a horse too soon. Tried to make a man out of him when he was nothing but a baby! He was just a little tyke when the horse bucked and threw him! He was always scared of horses after that."

"Sendin' him to them Eastern schools didn't help much either, Jeb," said Pete.

"Didn't hurt him any," Jeb retorted, looking up and nodding to put across his point. "I never got an education but I wanted my boy to have one."

There was a moment of silence while Jeb bit off a piece of chewing tobacco and then he continued. "Well, as you know, while Tom was away to college, I turned the ranch into a duder. People started comin' for their vacations and we put up good eats and all and they liked it. One person told another person and we built up a right nice business. We had—"

"Look, Jeb," interrupted Pete. "Can you make more money that way than by regular ranchin'?"

"Sure," Jeb answered as he spat into the coal bucket. "Sure. No comparison. City folks pay big prices if you treat 'em right! Well, Tom graduated and came home this Spring and he wasn't satisfied. He hated horses and all the cowhands kinda looked on him like—well, like a weak sister. I felt bad about that. I really did. I—"

"I know," sympathized Pete. "You like to feel proud of your kid."

"That's it," Jeb agreed. "But I wasn't proud of Tom. I felt pretty terrible, him bein' a laugh-in' stock around the ranch. But then this little Marie Slater came from Connecticut for her vacation. Gosh!" And here, Jeb settled back in his chair and smiled broadly. "Gosh, she's really a good girl. She liked horses and Tom liked her. And she thought he was a real honest-to-gosh cowboy. And he said he was and he set out to prove it!"

"What happened?" queried Pete, pulling up a chair and listening now with interest. "Did he come through?"

"Did he come through? Ha, ha, ha. He had to," Jeb leaned back in his chair and laughed as he remembered the incident. "There was a horse that we had to break and Marie kinda fell in love with that horse and said nobody better do it but Tom. He had to break that horse or lose this girl he was so crazy about. So what happened—?"

Jeb chuckled as he brought his feet back to the floor and leaned forward to put emphasis to the end of the story. "What happened? He broke the horse. And since then, he's not afraid any more. And he'll be the best rancher around here one of these days. You wait and see if I'm not right."

"You mean they're coming back here to live?" asked Pete, as he walked toward the ticket office to talk to a customer.

"Yep, they sure are," grinned Jeb as he stood up and hitched up his breeches and took another chew of tobacco. "They're gonna have a new house on the West forty. And Tom's gonna take over the land."

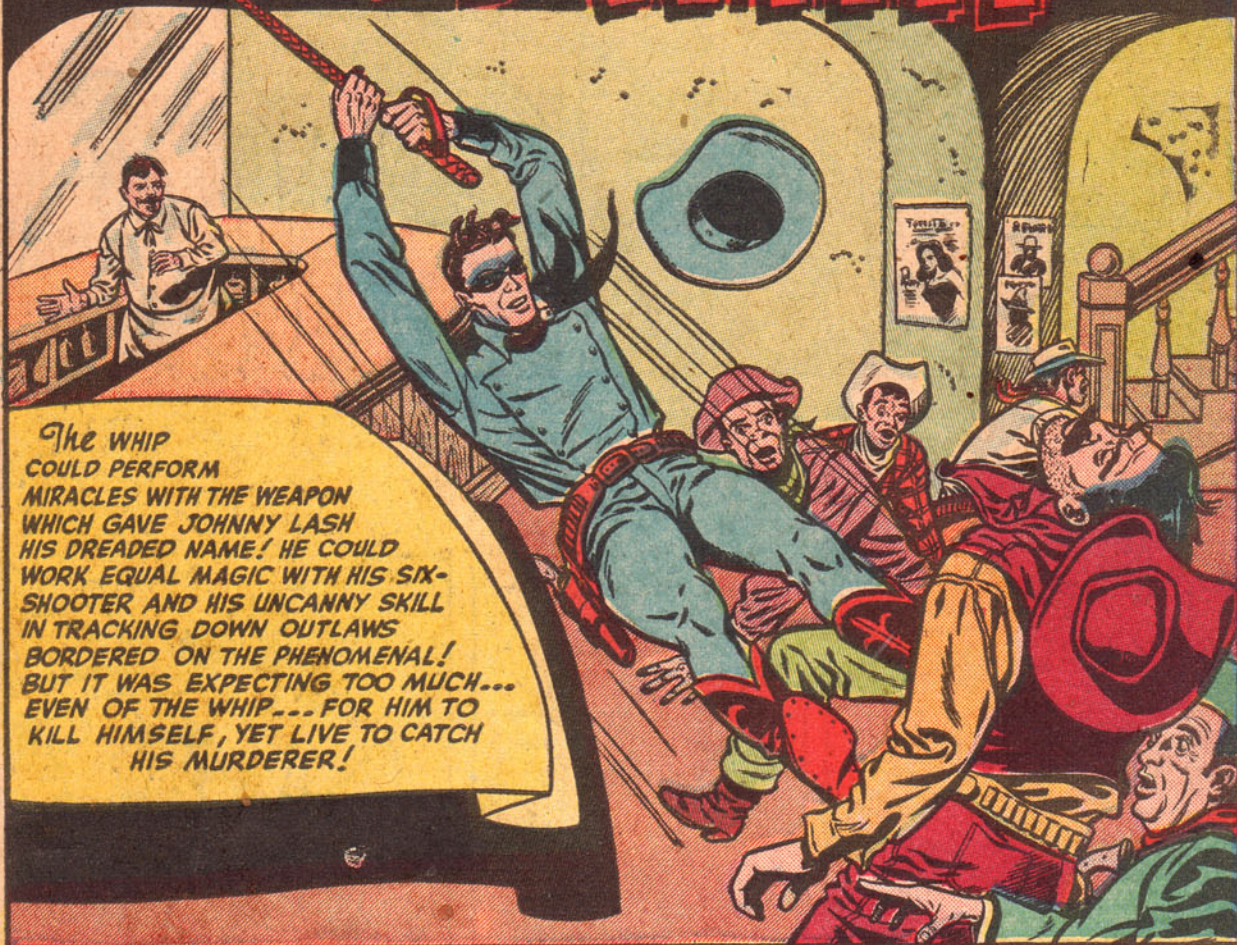
"That's swell," said Pete as he turned from taking care of the customer. "I guess Tom's turnin' out all right, after all."

"Sure is," bragged Jeb as he sauntered out of the back room. "He's turnin' out fine. But that little girl did it."

"Know what, Pete?" added Jeb, just before he started out the door. "Sometimes it takes a woman to make a man out of a boy. See you later."



# THE WHIP

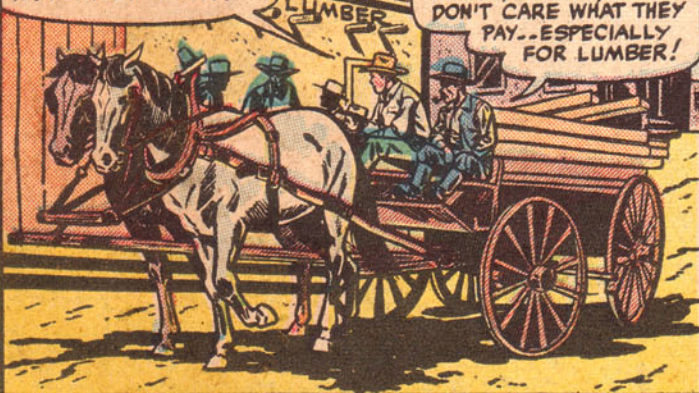


The WHIP  
COULD PERFORM  
MIRACLES WITH THE WEAPON  
WHICH GAVE JOHNNY LASH  
HIS DREADED NAME! HE COULD  
WORK EQUAL MAGIC WITH HIS SIX-  
SHOOTER AND HIS UNCANNY SKILL  
IN TRACKING DOWN OUTLAWS  
BORDERED ON THE PHENOMENAL!  
BUT IT WAS EXPECTING TOO MUCH...  
EVEN OF THE WHIP... FOR HIM TO  
KILL HIMSELF, YET LIVE TO CATCH  
HIS MURDERER!

ONE AFTERNOON, IN BLACK RIDGE, NEAR THE SITE OF A GOLD  
STRIKE...

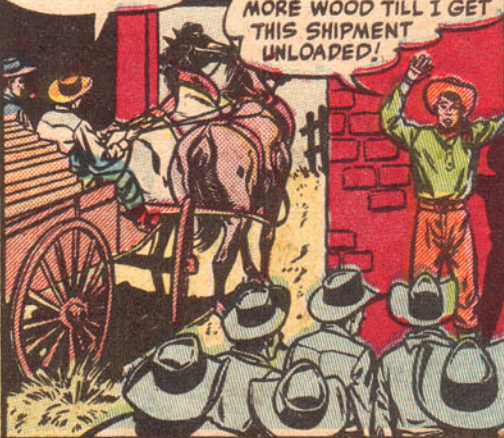
FUNNY WHAT A GOLD  
STRIKE WILL DO, MR. ADAMS! A  
MONTH AGO BLACK RIDGE WAS JUST  
A STAGE STATION --- NOW LOOK AT  
IT! ALMOST A CITY!

YEAH, BUT GOLD DOES  
THINGS TO PEOPLE!  
THEY'RE FRETIN' SO  
MUCH TO MAKE A BIG  
KILLIN', JOHNNY, THEY  
DON'T CARE WHAT THEY  
PAY... ESPECIALLY  
FOR LUMBER!

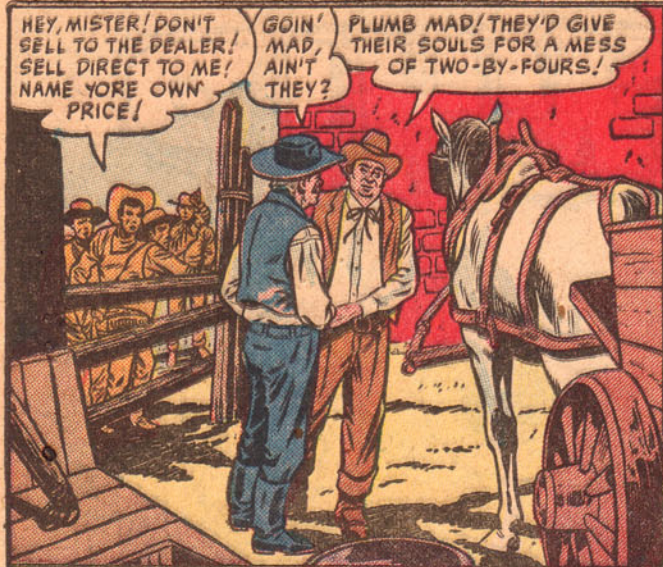


LOOK AT 'EM! GOIN' WILD, BIDDIN'! A GOLD  
TOWN CAN'T DO NOthin' WITHOUT TIMBER,  
JOHNNY! THEY NEED IT FOR SLUCE RUNS,  
HUTS, TOWN BUILDIN'S ---  
EVERYTHIN'!

SORRY, FOLKS! NO  
MORE WOOD TILL I GET  
THIS SHIPMENT  
UNLOADED!



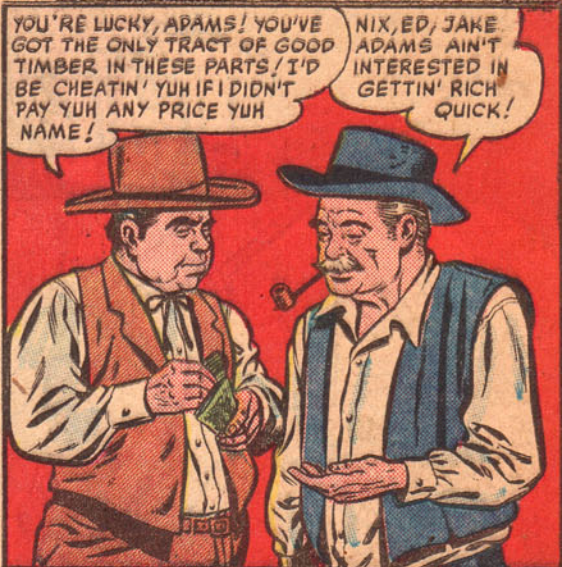




HEY, MISTER! DON'T SELL TO THE DEALER! SELL DIRECT TO ME! NAME YORE OWN PRICE!

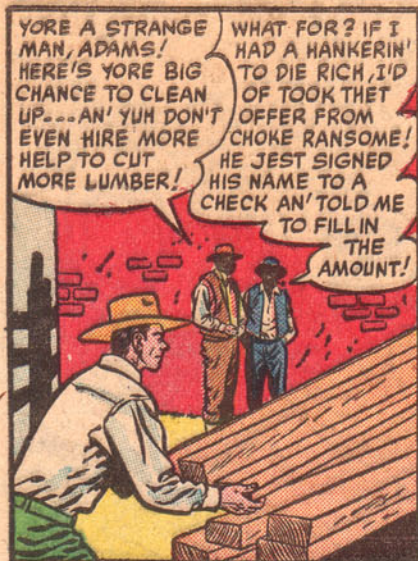
GOIN' MAD, AIN'T THEY?

PLUMB MAD! THEY'D GIVE THEIR SOULS FOR A MESS OF TWO-BY-FOURS!



YOU'RE LUCKY, ADAMS! YOU'VE GOT THE ONLY TRACT OF GOOD TIMBER IN THESE PARTS! I'D BE CHEATIN' YUH IF I DIDN'T PAY YUH ANY PRICE YUH NAME!

NIX, ED, JAKE ADAMS AIN'T INTERESTED IN GETTIN' RICH QUICK!



YORE A STRANGE MAN, ADAMS! HERE'S YORE BIG CHANCE TO CLEAN UP---AN' YUH DON'T EVEN HIRE MORE HELP TO CUT MORE LUMBER!

WHAT FOR? IF I HAD A HANKERIN' TO DIE RICH, I'D OF TOOK THET OFFER FROM CHOKE RANSOME! HE JEST SIGNED HIS NAME TO A CHECK AN' TOLD ME TO FILL IN THE AMOUNT!



AN YUH DIDN'T TAKE IT?

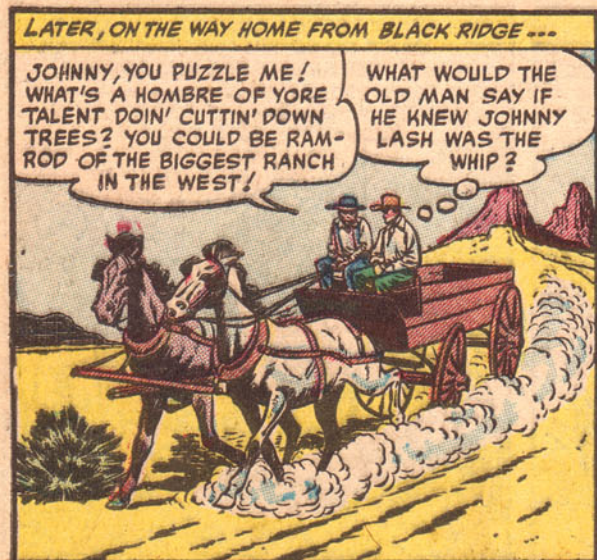
NOPE! DIDN'T LIKE RANSOME'S LOOKS! HE'D ONLY SQUEEZED BLOOD OUTA FOLKS FOR THE TIMBER! ALL I WANT IS TO BE AT PEACE WITH EVERYBODY!



BY THE BYE, MEET JOHNNY LASH, MY NEW AN' ONLY RANCH-HAND!

THE OLD MAN'S SOMETHIN', AIN'T HE, JOHNNY?

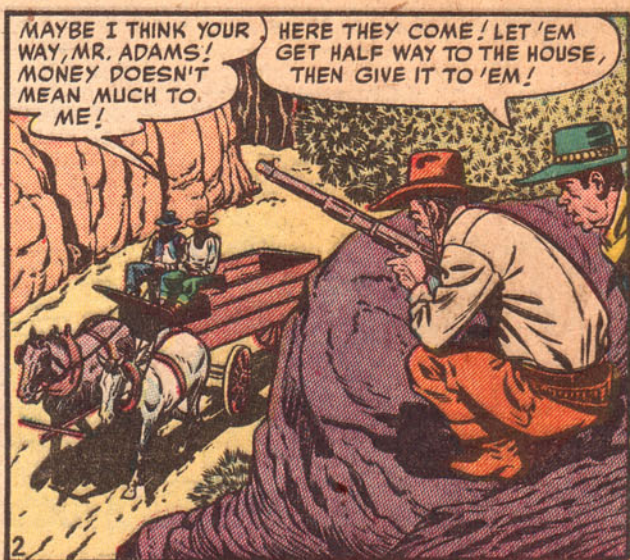
YES, SOMETHING STRANGE! AN HONEST MAN!



LATER, ON THE WAY HOME FROM BLACK RIDGE ---

JOHNNY, YOU PUZZLE ME! WHAT'S A HOMBRE OF YORE TALENT DOIN' CUTTIN' DOWN TREES? YOU COULD BE RAM-ROD OF THE BIGGEST RANCH IN THE WEST!

WHAT WOULD THE OLD MAN SAY IF HE KNEW JOHNNY LASH WAS THE WHIP?



MAYBE I THINK YOUR WAY, MR. ADAMS! MONEY DOESN'T MEAN MUCH TO ME!

HERE THEY COME! LET 'EM GET HALF WAY TO THE HOUSE, THEN GIVE IT TO 'EM!



SUPPENSEFULLY, WITHOUT WARNING ---

EEEAAHHH!

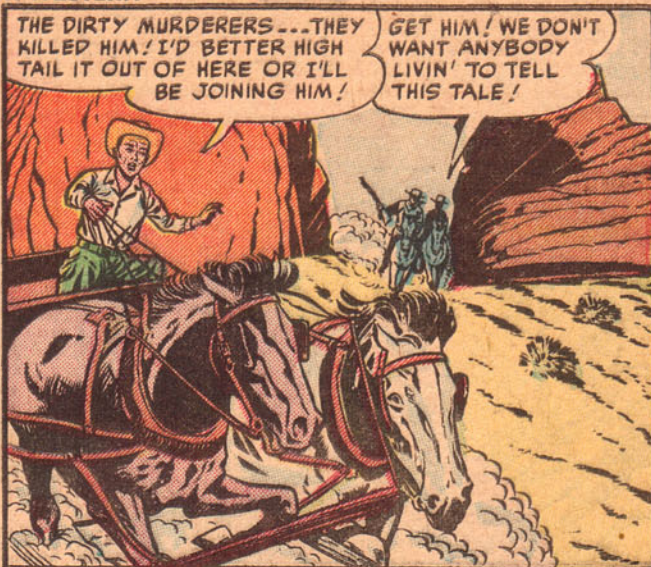
MR. ADAMS!  
GREAT GUNS!  
DRYGULCHERS!

BANG!  
BANG!



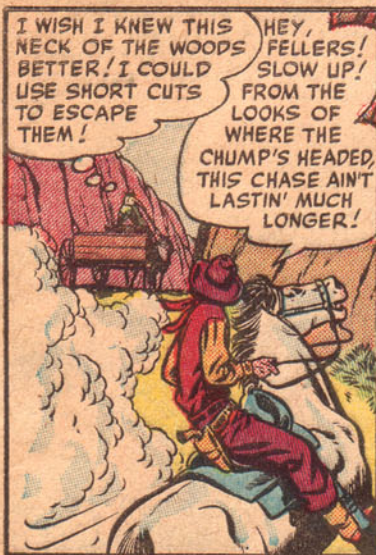
THE DIRTY MURDERERS...THEY  
KILLED HIM! I'D BETTER HIGH  
TAIL IT OUT OF HERE OR I'LL  
BE JOINING HIM!

GET HIM! WE DON'T  
WANT ANYBODY  
LIVIN' TO TELL  
THIS TALE!



I WISH I KNEW THIS  
NECK OF THE WOODS  
BETTER! I COULD  
USE SHORT CUTS  
TO ESCAPE  
THEM!

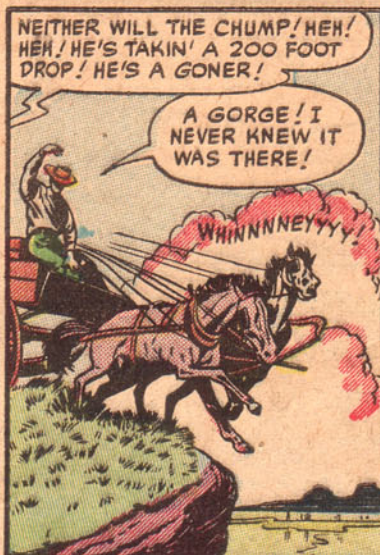
HEY, FELLERS!  
SLOW UP!  
FROM THE  
LOOKS OF  
WHERE THE  
CHUMP'S HEADED,  
THIS CHASE AIN'T  
LASTIN' MUCH  
LONGER!



NEITHER WILL THE CHUMP! HEH!  
HEH! HE'S TAKIN' A 200 FOOT  
DROP! HE'S A GONER!

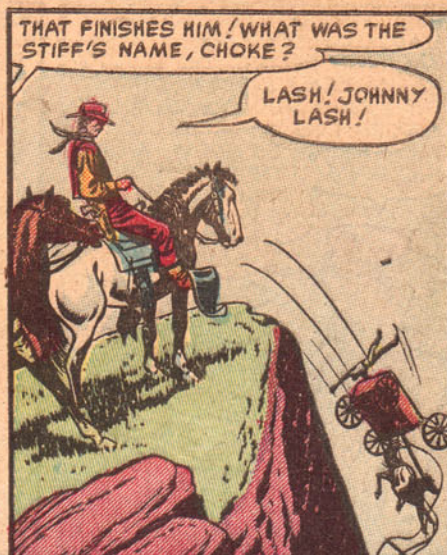
A GORGE! I  
NEVER KNEW IT  
WAS THERE!

WHINNNEYYY!



THAT FINISHES HIM! WHAT WAS THE  
STIFF'S NAME, CHOKE?

LASH! JOHNNY  
LASH!



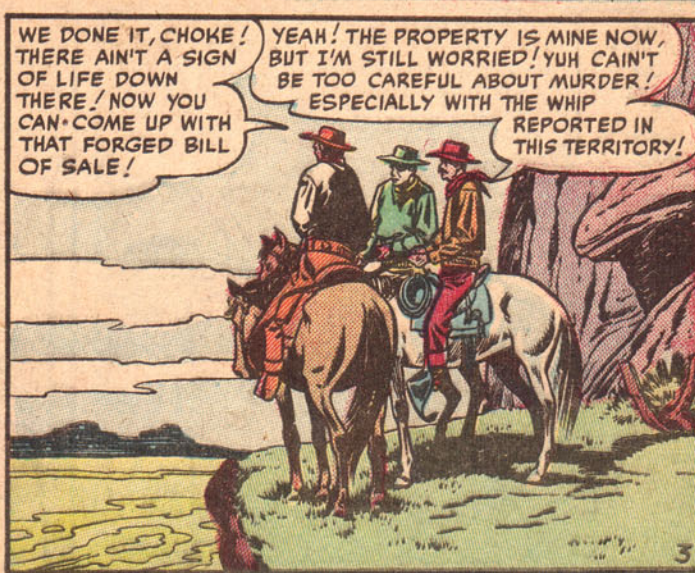
BUT AS THE FALLING WAGON BLOCKS THE  
VIEW OF THE DESPERADOES ---

I'VE GOT ONLY ONE CHANCE!  
TWIST OUTWARDS --- AND  
DIVE!



WE DONE IT, CHOKE!  
THERE AIN'T A SIGN  
OF LIFE DOWN  
THERE! NOW YOU  
CAN COME UP WITH  
THAT FORGED BILL  
OF SALE!

YEAH! THE PROPERTY IS MINE NOW,  
BUT I'M STILL WORRIED! YUH CAN'T  
BE TOO CAREFUL ABOUT MURDER!  
ESPECIALLY WITH THE WHIP  
REPORTED IN  
THIS TERRITORY!

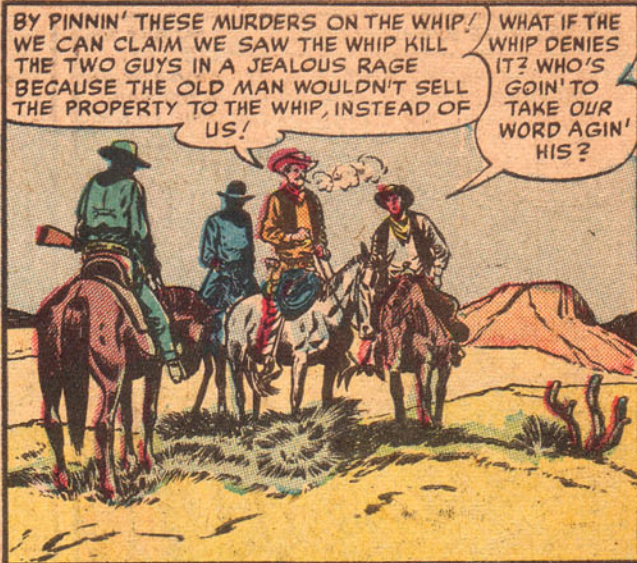






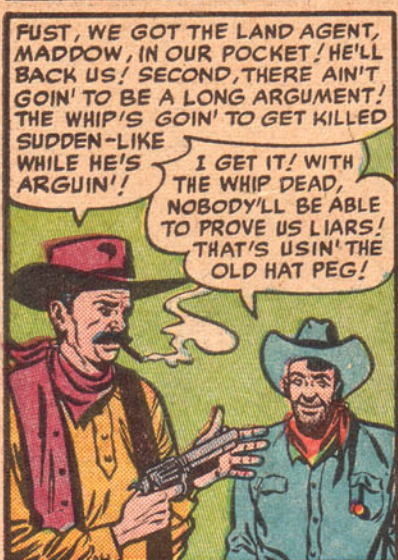
THE WHIP'S ALLUS HANGIN' AROUND TROUBLE SPOTS! WHEN FOLKS GIT WIND THAT OLD MAN ADAMS AN' HIS LONE HAND WAS SENT WEST, THEY'RE GOIN' TO WANT ACTION AND THE WHIP MIGHT GIVE IT TO 'EM!

SO HOW CAN YUH STOP HIM?



BY PINNIN' THESE MURDERS ON THE WHIP! WE CAN CLAIM WE SAW THE WHIP KILL THE TWO GUYS IN A JEALOUS RAGE BECAUSE THE OLD MAN WOULDN'T SELL THE PROPERTY TO THE WHIP, INSTEAD OF US!

WHAT IF THE WHIP DENIES IT? WHO'S GOIN' TO TAKE OUR WORD AGIN' HIS?



FUST, WE GOT THE LAND AGENT, MADDOW, IN OUR POCKET! HE'LL BACK US! SECOND, THERE AIN'T GOIN' TO BE A LONG ARGUMENT! THE WHIP'S GOIN' TO GET KILLED SUDDEN-LIKE WHILE HE'S ARGUIN'!

I GET IT! WITH THE WHIP DEAD, NOBODY'LL BE ABLE TO PROVE US LIARS! THAT'S USIN' THE OLD HAT PEG!



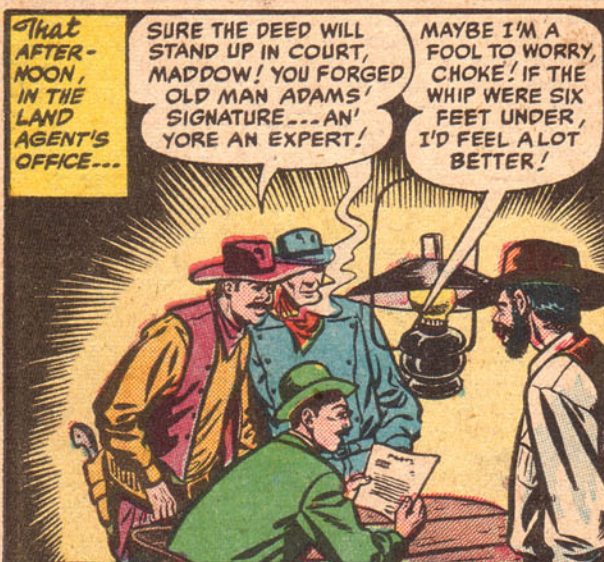
MEANWHILE 200 FEET BELOW---

THE BACK-BITING SIDEWINDERS! I'LL SEE 'EM HANG FOR THIS! DIABLO!



And AS THE WHIP'S WONDER HORSE HOVES INTO VIEW, JOHNNY LASH MAKES A LIGHTNING-SWIFT CHANGE --- THE WHIP!

OLD MAN ADAMS WAS BUSH-WHACKED FOR HIS PROPERTY! BUT THE ONLY USE THE KILLERS WILL GET OUT OF HIS TIMBER IS FOR THEIR COFFINS!



That AFTER-NOON, IN THE LAND AGENT'S OFFICE---

SURE THE DEED WILL STAND UP IN COURT, MADDOW! YOU FORGED OLD MAN ADAMS' SIGNATURE---AN' YORE AN EXPERT!

MAYBE I'M A FOOL TO WORRY, CHOKÉ! IF THE WHIP WERE SIX FEET UNDER, I'D FEEL A LOT BETTER!



SO WOULD WE! THAT'S WHY WE'RE GOIN' TO THE SHERIFF NOW TO TELL HIM ABOUT THE MURDER AT ADAMS' PLACE---AN' WHO DONE IT! C'MON, MADDOW, YOU'RE A WITNESS!

OKAY, BUT I WISH THE NEXT 24 HOURS WERE OVER!

LAND AGENT



LATER, IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...

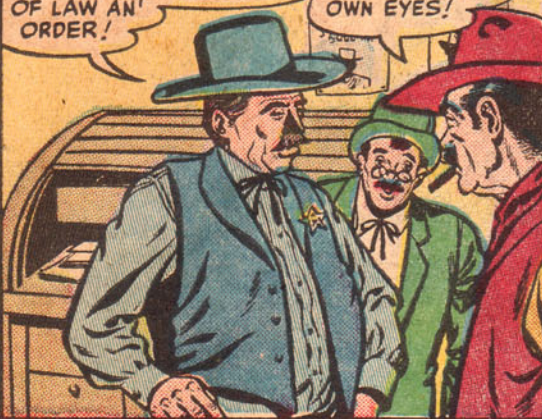
THE WHIP COULDN'T HAVE MURDERED OLD MAN ADAMS JOHNNY LASH, HIS HELPER! THE WHIP'S ON THE SIDE OF LAW AN' ORDER!

SO ARE WE, SHERIFF! ME, MADDOU, AN' THE BOYS SAW THE WHIP KILL 'EM WITH OUR OWN EYES!

SHERIFF, COME QUICK! THE WHIP JEST RODE INTO TOWN AN' A MOB'S GOT HIM CORNERED IN THE BLUE PALACE! THEY'RE READY TO LYNCH HIM FER ADAMS' MURDER!

RANSOME! DO YOU KNOW ANYTHIN' ABOUT THIS?

OH, NO! I GUESS THE BOYS, THOUGH, MUST'VE SPILLED THE BEANS AROUND TOWN!



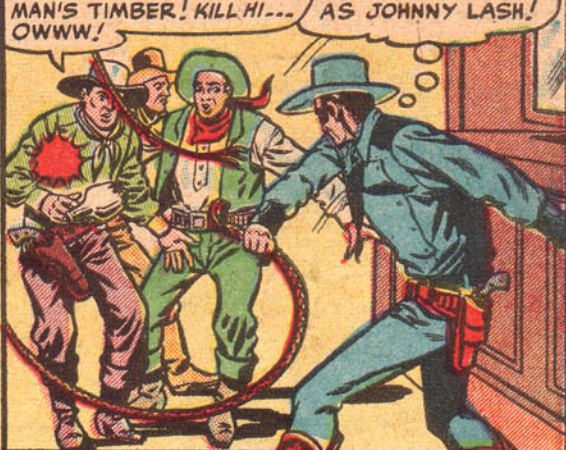
LYNCH THE WHIP! HE SHOT TWO PEOPLE IN COLD BLOOD!

THE WHIP'S A FRAUD---A KILLER MASQUERADING AS A PEACE OFFICER!

HERE'S OUR CHANCE, MEN! SNEAK UP BEHIND THE WHIP AND LET HIM HAVE IT IN THE BACK!

WHAT'RE WE ARGUIN' WITH THE WHIP FOR? HE MURDERED JOHNNY LASH AN' ADAMS FOR THE OLD MAN'S TIMBER! KILL HI--- OWWW!

I COULD CLEAR MYSELF IN A SECOND, BUT I CAN'T GIVE AWAY MY IDENTITY AS JOHNNY LASH!



GIT BACK, YOU FOOLS! THIS IS A MATTER FOR THE LAW! WHIP, CHOKER RANSOME SAW YOU MURDER ADAMS AND LASH! WHAT'S YORE DEFENSE?

RANSOME? WAIT! I'LL BET IT WAS HIS MOB WHO DRY-GULCHED ADAMS AND CHASED JOHNNY LASH OVER THE CLIFF EDGE!

DOWN, MADDOU!

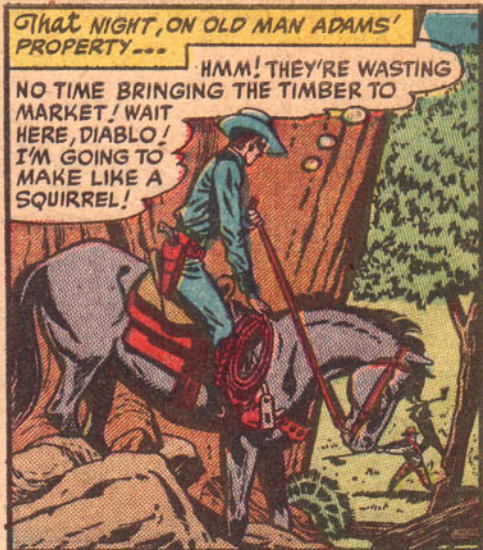
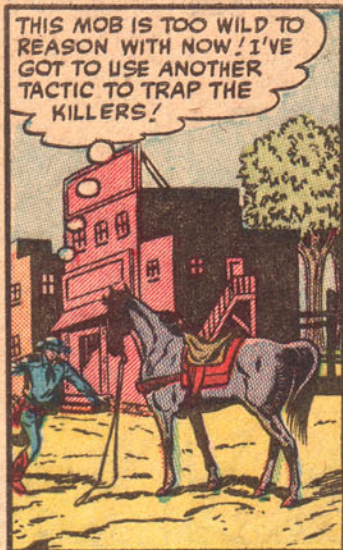
SOMETHING'S GOING ON BEHIND ME! MADDOU AND RANSOME WOULDN'T BE IN SUCH A SWEAT TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

I THOUGHT SO! YOU RATTLESNAKES PRACTICED UP BUSHWHACKING OLD MAN ADAMS! NOW YOU'RE MAKING PERFECT WITH ME!

YIIIIII!









# CRACK WESTERN

TAKE YOUR CHOICE, MADDOW!  
MURDER WILL OUT...OR  
MADDOW WILL GO OUT...LIKE  
A LIGHT!

NO! NO! DON'T  
KILL ME! I'LL DO  
ANYTHING YOU SAY!  
ANYTHING! OOOOF!



IT'S JOHNNY  
LASH! HE'S  
ALIVE!

MADDOW'S GOT  
A STATEMENT  
TO MAKE, SHERIFF!

RANSOME  
KILLED ADAMS  
FOR THE TIMBER!  
I HAD NOTHING  
TO DO WITH IT!!  
JUST FORGED THE  
BILL OF SALE!



YOU'LL NEVER LIVE TO  
SQUEAL AGIN, MADDOW!  
THE JIG'S UP, BOYS!  
LET'S GIT LASH! HE  
QUEERED US!

HE'S HEADIN'  
FOR THE  
ALLEY!

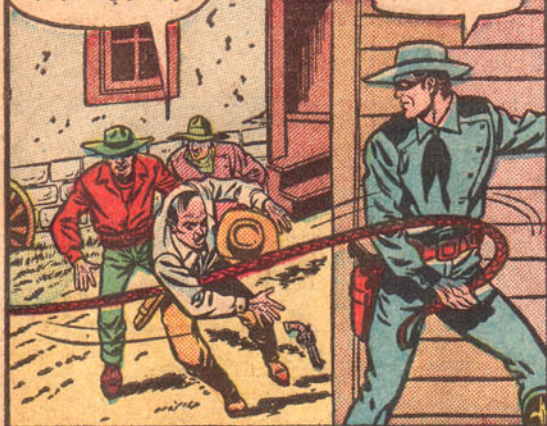
UGHH!



BUT IN THE PRIVACY OF THE ALLEY SHADOWS,  
JOHNNY LASH HAS CHANGED TO THE WHIP!

HE WENT THIS  
WA---OOOF!

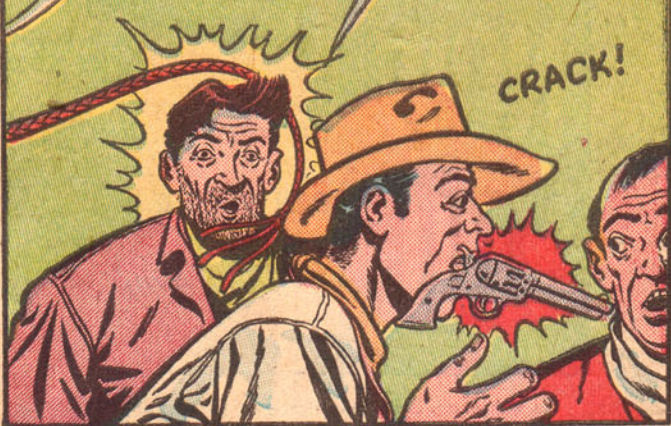
LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY,  
BOYS?



IT'S A SMALL WORLD...  
THE UNDERWORLD! YOU'LL  
ALWAYS FIND THE WHIP  
IN IT!

YUH!!

CRACK!



WHAT'S YOUR HURRY,  
RANSOME? YOU'RE  
GOING NOWHERE...  
EXCEPT DOWN  
MAYBE!

URGHH!



SPEAK, CHOKO, OR  
YOU'LL REALLY  
CHOKO! ADMIT, YOU  
FRAMED ME!

YES! Y-YES! I  
KILLED ADAMS!  
AN' I THOUGHT  
I KILLED LASH!  
NOW LET ME  
DOWN...FOR  
THE LUVVA  
HEAVEN!



YOU'RE GOING  
DOWN, CHOKO!  
SIX FEET DOWN!  
WELL, SHERIFF! I  
GUESS THIS  
CLEARS THE  
WHIP!

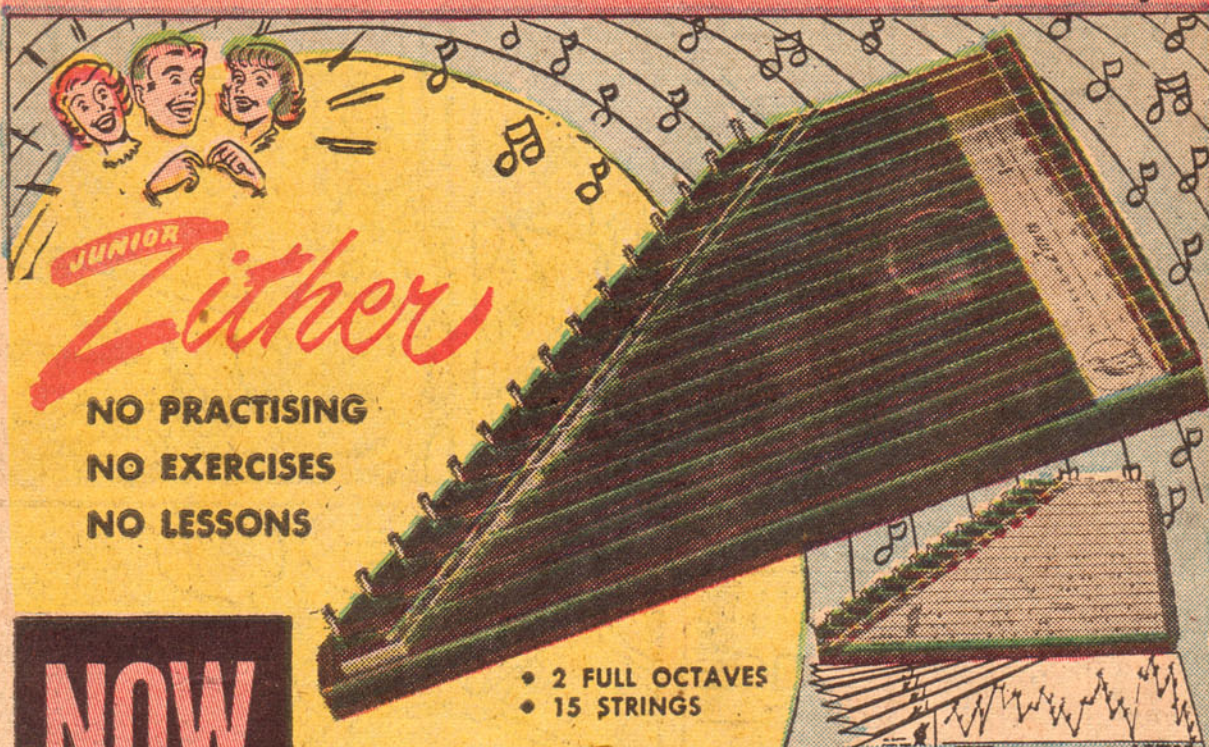
WE WERE FOOLS  
TO BELIEVE  
RANSOME'S LIES  
IN THE FIRST  
PLACE! WE OWE  
YOU AN APOLOGY,  
WHIP! AS FOR THIS  
VARMINT, THE GALLOW'S'LL  
TAKE UP WHERE  
YUH LEFT OFF!





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instantly!*

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**YOU BUILD** this modern Radio (above) as part of my Servicing Course. Build this complete, powerful Radio Receiver that brings in local and distant stations. N. R. I. gives you ALL the Radio parts . . . speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, sockets, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need. You use material to get practical! Radio experience. Make EXTRA money fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while training.

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**YOU BUILD** this Transmitter (right). As part of my Communications Course, I SEND YOU parts to build this low-power broadcasting transmitter. You learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many practical tests.

**YOU BUILD** this Wavemeter (below) in my Communications Course with parts I send you. Use it to determine (frequency) of operation and make other test-tube transmitter currents. You conduct many interesting experiments.

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New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE . . . RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply . . . complete TV set . . . many other wave forms. Get pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon

**Now! Advanced Television Practice**

New, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPE . . . RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply . . . complete TV set . . . many other wave forms. Get pulse, trapezoidal, saw-tooth wave forms. Get valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting TV troubles. Mail coupon

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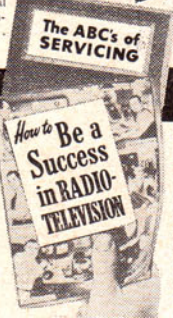
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